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QBOUR-EL-MOLOUK, OR SEPULCHERS OF THE
KINGS AT JERUSALEM.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE sepulchers of a people are often the only monuments of them that remain. The sepulchers of kings are also often all that remain of their royalty. In the study of such monuments, we may learn not only the common lessons of our mortality, but much of the history of our race. As a single word often enshrines a whole chapter in the history of language and of nations, so a single tomb often enshrines an important chapter in the history of our common humanity.

Leaving Jerusalem by the Damascus gate, and passing along the Nablous road about five hundred yards, and then turning to the right, the traveler comes to a celebrated monument known as *Qbour-el-Molouk*, or *Tomb of the Kings*. The facade of that ancient tomb is represented in one of our engravings. It is constructed, not like the tombs of ancient Petrae, by excavations in the mountain side. The surface of the solid limestone rock, in which the excavations were made, is level with the earth. The only external manifestation of this wonderful structure is an open quadrangular court, about ninety-three feet in length by eighty-seven in depth, sunk in the solid rock to a depth of from twenty to twenty-five feet. The sides are perpendicular, and the bottom probably level, though much dirt and rubbish has accumulated in the court during the long ages of its neglect. It is entered by a trench cut parallel to one of its sides, and separated from the court by a wall of solid rock, seven feet thick. This trench is thirty-two feet in width, descending gradually till it attains the same depth of the court, and then connects with it through an arched door. On account of the accumulated rubbish, this door is now somewhat difficult of passage. The large rectangular

court is open to the heavens, and in the rubbish accumulated on its bottom olive and fig-trees have found root and grown up to maturity.

On the western side of this court is a sort of portico, excavated from the solid rock. A stratum of the rock is left for its roof, and the edge of that stratum is carved with the most exquisite delicacy and workmanship. The portico is thirty-nine feet long, seventeen wide, and fifteen high. It connects with the court by an open space twenty-seven feet in length—the extended stratum having been originally sustained by two pillars, now broken, dividing the space into three equal parts.

We have now described all that was probably intended to be discernible to the mere visitor or casual observer. But deep in the excavations of this solid rock did royalty prepare to conceal its perishing dust, as well as hoarded treasures. At the south end of the portico, and near its inner corner, is the entrance to the excavated vaults. The top of the entrance is on a level, or nearly so, with the floor of the covered portico, the passage of it being sunk. By this means, when filled up, no indications of interior excavations would remain. This entrance to the vaults is obstructed and difficult. Dr. Robinson and De Saulcy say the passage can be made only by crawling. Dr. Olin says, for himself, that he was compelled to lie flat upon the ground, and draw himself along as best he could, with his hands. The passage is eight feet in length, and opens into a room about nineteen feet square. It is excavated in the solid rock, the roof slightly arched, and sides hewn and smooth, but not carved or ornamented. This is a sort of vestibule to the tombs. On the west side is seen a low entrance, and on the south two more. The doors that were contrived and hung with exquisite skill, closing these passage-ways with nice precision, are now broken into fragments. These low, dark

passage-ways are now open and unguarded. In the deep, dark vaults where they terminate, royal dust once reposed. God only knows how and where it is scattered now!

De Saulcy has made the most thorough exploration of these vaults, and given by far the most exact description of them. Guided by him, we enter the passage leading from the west side of the anteroom, and soon find ourselves in another large room, or ante-chamber, thirteen and one-quarter feet square, by measurements of Dr. Robinson. We enter this room on its east side, and observe that its north, west, and south sides, each are pierced by three doors. The central doors of the three, on each side of the room, are of twice the height of those on each side, and lead to small compartments. The lateral doors each lead to as many tombs, making six connecting with this ante-chamber. These tombs are of different forms; but, according to De Saulcy, are constructed on the following general principles: "You first enter a small room, the floor of which is deeply furrowed, close to the threshold, by a large groove, intended, most likely, to receive an embossment contrived below the trunk of the sarcophagus, so as to fix it solidly. The head of the sarcophagus, when disposed in its proper place, necessarily concealed an opening giving access into a square recess." This recess, generally placed at the interior end of the tomb, is too small for the deposit of a human body, and was evidently intended for other purposes—probably a place for the deposit of the treasures usually buried with kings and princes. It is worthy of remark, that in one of these six tombs, no such recess exists.

The small compartment into which the central door on the north side of the ante-chamber leads, terminates in descending steps. These conduct the explorer into a lower chamber of considerable dimensions—on the west side of which is a bed for a sarcophagus, and on the north side, or that opposite the place of entrance, shelves manifestly intended as a place for the deposit of treasures. De Saulcy says, considering that the shelves could never have been intended for sarcophagi, and that the only sarcophagus ever deposited in this room must have been placed in the bed spoken of; and considering also that this chamber is excavated exactly in the axis of the vestibule, it is evident that its destination was of superior importance.

Connected then with this first of the three anterooms to the tombs, we have a large and magnificent place for the deposit of a single sarcophagus, and six other tombs—the last of

which is incomplete, being without recess for the princely treasures.

Dr. Robinson and other writers raise a *doubt* whether this was actually the Tomb of the Kings. But De Saulcy sufficiently shows that that doubt is without foundation. Taking this for granted—for our space will not admit of our discussing the question—it would be natural to infer that the tombs connected with this ante-chamber were designed for the first seven kings, commencing with David. These were David, Solomon, Rehoboam, Abijam, Asa, Jehoshaphat, and Jehoram. To David belongs the place of honor, and we should unhesitatingly assign to him the interior room, already described, situated in the axis of the vestibule, furnished with a splendid bed for one sarcophagus, and also with shelves for the deposit of treasures. The death and burial of David are recorded in 1 Kings ii, 10, where it is said that he "was buried in the city of David." Josephus tells us:

"His son, Solomon, buried him in Jerusalem with great pomp, and in addition to all the other honors which were usually paid to kings on the occasion of their funerals, he buried immense riches along with him. The enormous value of these riches may be conjectured from what I am about to relate. After an interval of thirteen years, the Pontiff Hyrcanus, besieged by Antiochus, surnamed Eusebes, son of Demetrius, and wanting to give him some money to induce him to raise the siege and retire with his army, but being at a loss how to make up the sum required to that effect, opened one of the chambers of the tomb of David, and having taken out of it three thousand talents, gave part of this money to Antiochus, and thus got rid of the besiegers."*

These tombs appear to have been rifled a second time. For Josephus, speaking of a subsequent period, says:

"Herod, who was accustomed to spend enormous sums, both in his kingdom and out of his kingdom, having heard it mentioned that Hyrcanus, his predecessor, had opened the sepulcher of David, and taken out of it three thousand silver talents, though he had still left in the monument very great riches, by means of which he—Herod—might contrive to keep up his expenditure, had long since devised the scheme of following this example. Consequently, having got the sepulcher opened during the night, he penetrated into it with the most devoted of his friends, taking, at the same time, the greatest

* Ant. Jud. VII, xv, 3.

precautions to escape the notice of the people in the city. He did not find in it, as Hyrcanus had done before him, any coined money, but abundance of gold ornaments, and a large quantity of precious objects, which he carried off, without leaving any thing behind him. After having made a close search, he wanted to penetrate still further, and to look even into the sarcophagi—*θνασις*—where the bodies of David and Solomon were deposited. But he lost on this occasion two of his most faithful guards, who, it was said, perished, consumed by the flames that burst out upon them the moment they penetrated into the sarcophagi. Herod, terrified at this unexpected result, left the place, and to appease the anger of the Almighty, he erected before the gate of the sepulcher a monument in white stone, the construction of which cost a large sum of money.**

These facts seem, at least, to be in strange harmony with the sepulcher preparations we have described.

Solomon was the second king who was buried in the royal vaults. "And Solomon slept with his fathers, and was buried in the city of David, his father."† "He was buried in Jerusalem."‡

The third king buried in the royal vaults was Rehoboam. "And Rehoboam slept with his fathers, and was buried with his fathers in the city of David."§ "He was buried in Jerusalem, in the tombs of the kings."||

Abijam is the fourth deposited in the royal vaults. "And Abijam slept with his fathers, and they buried him in the city of David."¶ "He was buried in Jerusalem, in the sepulchers of his ancestors."**

The fifth buried here was Asa. "And Asa slept with his fathers, and was buried with his fathers, in the city of David, his father."†† In Chronicles it is said, "They buried him in his own sepulcher, which he had made for himself in the city of David, and laid him in the bed which was filled with sweet odors and divers kinds of spices, prepared by the apothecaries' art."‡‡ From this passage we infer that the kings were in the custom of preparing their own tombs during their lifetime.

Jehoshaphat was also buried in the royal sepulchers. He "slept with his fathers, and was buried with his fathers, in the city of David, his

father."* Josephus says: "Magnificent funeral rites were made for him in Jerusalem, because he had been the imitator of the actions of David."†

We come now to Jehoram. Of him it is said, in the book of the Kings, that he "slept with his fathers, and was buried with his fathers, in the city of David."‡ In the book of Chronicles,§ after describing his great wickedness, and the unheeded warnings he received, it is said that "the Lord smote him in his bowels with an incurable disease;" that at the end of two years "his bowels fell out by reason of his sickness: so that he died of sore diseases;" he "departed without being desired;" "his people made no burning for him;" "howbeit they buried him in the city of David, but not in the sepulcher of the kings." To this account Josephus adds the following details: "What is more, the people insulted his dead body, saying, as I understand, that the man who had died smitten in this manner by divine wrath, was not fit to receive the honors usually paid to kings; they did not bury him in the sepulchers of his fathers; and without paying him any other honor, they laid him in the earth like unto any common individual."||

Now, if the reader will refer back to our description of the seven tombs connected with the first vestibule, he will observe that the seventh was left unfinished—no recess for the deposit of treasures having been prepared. What a striking coincidence between this fact, ascertained by the explorations of modern science, and the details of the sacred narrative!

The alleged discrepancy between the accounts of the burial of Jehoshaphat, in Kings and in Chronicles, amounts only to this. One asserts that he was buried with his fathers, in the city of David—and may mean nothing more than that he was buried in that city as they were. The other asserts, also, that he was buried in that city; but goes further, and affirms that, though buried in the city of David, he was not buried in the sepulchers of the kings. There is no essential discrepancy between the two statements—only one of them goes further than the other.

Let us now return to the vestibule, or outer anteroom. From this we enter the western of the two passages penetrating its southern side. Here we grope our way into a second interior anteroom. It measures, according to Dr. Robinson, thirteen by thirteen and one-third feet. It

* Ant. Jud. XVI, vii, 1.

† 1 Kings xi, 43, and 2 Chron. ix, 31.

‡ Ant. Jud. VIII, vii, 8.

§ 1 Kings xiv, 31, and 2 Chron. xii, 16.

|| Ant. Jud. VIII, x, 4.

¶ 1 Kings xv, 8, and 2 Chron. xiv, 1.

** Ant. Jud. VIII, xi, 3.

†† 1 Kings xv, 24.

‡‡ 2 Chron. xvi, 13, 14.

* 1 Kings xxii, 50, and 2 Chron. xxi, 1.

† Ant. Jud. IX, iii, 2.

‡ 2 Kings viii, 24.

§ 2 Chron. xxi, 18, etc.

|| Ant. Jud. IX, v, 3.

is pierced for three tombs on each its western and southern sides, and also by a peculiar vault on its northern side. For whom were these six tombs designed? and who probably were buried here?

Recurring to the line of rulers in Jerusalem, we find Ahaziah, Queen Athalia, Joash, Amaziah, Azariah, and Jotham succeeded in order.

Of Ahaziah it was said: "He fled to Megiddo, and died there; and his servants carried him to Jerusalem, and buried him in his sepulcher, with his fathers, in the city of David."* Josephus also tells us that "Ahaziah was carried to Jerusalem and buried there."† The expression, *in his sepulcher*, affords still further evidence that the kings were in the habit of preparing their own sepulchers. It is not likely that Queen Athalia would prepare one for Ahaziah, or, indeed, allow him to be buried with much pomp or display. Probably he was brought back to Jerusalem and deposited in the tomb he had previously prepared for himself.

To him succeeded, by usurpation, Queen Athalia. She was dragged out of the temple and violently put to death. It is therefore quite certain she was not deposited in the royal burying-place of the princes whose race she had attempted to exterminate. We may therefore leave her out of the account.

But a singular historical fact is here brought to our attention. Contrary to all usage, about this time, Jehoiada the high-priest, appears to have been buried in the royal tombs. In Kings it is said: "And they buried him in the city of David, among the kings, because he had done good in Israel, both toward God and toward his house."‡ Josephus also asserts that "he was buried in the royal sepulchers in Jerusalem."§ Corresponding with these facts, we find, according to De Saulcy, on the right of what may be taken for the tomb of Ahaziah, a tomb without recess. Such a recess would have been unnecessary for the high-priest; Jehoiada had no treasures to be buried with him.

The third tomb on the western side of this ante-chamber is complete; but seems never to have been occupied. Joash, the next in the line of rulers, was not buried "in the sepulcher of the kings."|| Josephus says that "he was buried in Jerusalem, but not in the royal sepulchers of his ancestors, because he had turned ungodly in his latter days."¶ The fact that it was only in his latter days that he "turned ungodly," will account for

the tomb being completed for him, though he was never deposited in it.

The middle tomb on the southern side of this room, is supposed to have been that of Amaziah. "He was buried at Jerusalem with his fathers, in the city of David."* "And they buried him with his fathers, in the city of Judah."† Josephus adds, that, "having carried his body to Jerusalem, they gave him a royal burial."‡ In the tomb of Amaziah there is no recess for the concealment of royal treasures. Why is this? De Saulcy accounts for it thus:

"Jehoash, King of Israel, after having obtained possession of Jerusalem, and after having made a prisoner of Amaziah, returned home to Samaria, 'carrying away with him all the treasures of the temple, and all the gold and silver he had found in the palace of Amaziah.' This prince—Amaziah—almost immediately after that, was compelled to fly to Lachish, where he perished by assassination. What treasures could have been buried with a king who had been plundered of every thing by strangers, and who had not a friend left? None, of course; and consequently, in his case, the absence of a hiding-place for treasure is perfectly well explained."

The next tomb, following the order of kings, would be that of Azariah, or Uzziah. This prince, attempting to invade the priestly office, was resisted by the priests, and while resisting God smote him with leprosy. The priests, beholding that he was leprous, thrust him out, and he himself hastened also to go out, because the Lord had smitten him. He continued to be a leper till the day of his death, dwelling in a separate house, and being cut off from the house of the Lord. When he died, it is said, "they buried him with his fathers, in the field of burial which belonged to the kings; for they said, He is a leper."§ This passage is somewhat obscure; but it evidently implies that Uzziah was not buried in the sepulcher of the kings. Dr. A. Clarke says, *in loco*, "As he was a leper, he was not permitted to be buried in the common burial-place of the kings; as it was supposed that even a place of sepulture must be defiled by the body of one who had died of this most afflictive and dangerous malady." Josephus says: "He was buried alone—by himself—in his gardens."|| From all this, it is quite evident that Uzziah, though buried in "the field of the burial which belonged to the kings," was not buried in the royal sepulcher. Accordingly, we find that the tomb at the

* 2 Kings ix, 28.

† 2 Chron. xxiv, 16.

‡ 2 Chron. xxiv, 25.

† Ant. Jud. IX, vi, 3.

§ Ant. Jud. IX, viii, 3.

¶ Ant. Jud. IX, viii, 4.

* 2 Kings xiv, 20.

† Ant. Jud. IX, ix, 3.

‡ Ant. Jud. IX, x, 4.

† 2 Chron. xxv, 28.

§ 2 Chron. xxvi, 23.

right of Amaziah's, according to De Sauley, has been only marked out, so that it never could have contained a sarcophagus.

The tomb at the left of Amaziah's is complete, except the recess for treasures. Jotham is represented, both in the book of the Kings and of the Chronicles, as being buried with his fathers in the city of David.* Josephus says, "They buried him in the royal sepulchers."† But how happens it that no treasures were buried with him? De Sauley accounts for it from the fact that he expended enormous sums in restoring and ornamenting the Holy City and temple. He likewise appears not to have been an economist, but quite the reverse.

In the north side of this second interior anteroom at the right of the entrance into it, is a remarkable excavation which we shall, by and by, return to notice. Let us now visit the third and last interior anteroom.

Here we again find provision made for six tombs—three on the east side and three on the south. "Of these six tombs," says De Sauley, "only two can have contained bodies, and these are the center one of the southern face, and the right-hand one as you look toward the eastern face. All the others remain unfinished, merely planned out, exhibiting exactly the same dimensions as the similar one, already mentioned in the description of the adjoining chamber. Of the two tombs which have been occupied, the first has no recess, and the second is provided with one, but placed on its right-hand side."

Now let us resume our list of the kings of Judea. Of Ahaz, who succeeded Jotham, it is said: "And Ahaz slept with his fathers, and they buried him in the city, even in Jerusalem, for they brought him not into the sepulchers of the kings of Israel."‡ According to De Sauley, the middle tomb on the south side, which was no doubt designed for Ahaz, was prepared, but has no recess for treasures, and was not used. As to treasures, we know that Ahaz was compelled to pay enormous sums to Tiglath-pileser, the Assyrian King; and that he thus exhausted, not only the royal treasury, but also the treasury in the temple. Hence he had no opportunity of leaving much behind him to be buried in his tomb. The tomb having been unoccupied is sufficiently accounted for by the Scripture record, which shows that he was not buried in the sepulchers of the kings.

On either side of the tomb of Ahaz is an un-

furnished one. And it would seem that Hezekiah, as he succeeded Ahaz, ought to occupy one of those places. Let us turn then to the account of his burial. "And Hezekiah slept with his fathers, and they buried him in the chiefest of the sepulchers of the sons of David: and all Judah and the inhabitants of Jerusalem did him honor at his death."* It will be seen by the above that the tomb of Hezekiah was specially located, and his burial specially distinguished. Let us return to the second interior anteroom, and observe the vault, already referred to, on the north side, and at the right of the entrance. De Sauley says, "This single opening leads by a staircase of six steps, continued by an inclined plane, to another under chamber, provided on three of its faces with a banquette, surrounded by a semi-circular arch. A single lid of a sarcophagus remains in this lower room, ornamented lengthwise with three roses carved on each side." This tomb occupies the same relative position to the second interior anteroom that David's does to the first; and more than that, it is on the same level with David's tomb, being deeper, or lower down than the rest. De Sauley comes to the conclusion that this tomb was the burial-place of Hezekiah. And his translator speaks of this as a "very natural and satisfactory explanation of the verse of 2 Chronicles—xxxii, 33—an explanation resulting from the very situation of this room. The Chronicles state that '*they buried him [Hezekiah] in the chiefest [or most elevated or exalted] of the sepulchers of the sons of David: and all Judah and the inhabitants of Jerusalem did him honor at his death.*' What higher compliment could they have paid to the tomb of Hezekiah, than in placing it, the *only one among the sepulchers of the sons of David*, under the same special conditions and *on the same level* as had been marked out for the tomb of David alone? This room is not only at the upper end of the chamber, but stands with regard to this second chamber in the same exceptional position as David's room with regard to the first chamber. Placed here, the tomb of Hezekiah is not only in the place of honor with regard to this prince's inhumation in a chamber full of his ancestors, but he is also placed *higher up* than he is entitled to with regard to his relationship; though he ought to come, in the order of succession, after Ahaz, *in the third chamber*, they have placed him *in the second chamber*, above Jotham, and above Amaziah, and above even Jehoiada, so eminently virtuous and beloved, and above Azariah. In-

* 2 Kings xv, 48, and 2 Chron. xxvii, 9.

† Ant. Jud. IX, xii, 1.

‡ 2 Chron. xxviii, 27.

* 2 Chron. xxxii, 33.

deed, a higher place could not possibly have been found for him; for if they had prepared a tomb for Hezekiah, in the *first chamber*, respect for the founders of the dynasty would have required that they should have given him an inferior place with regard to the tombs of David and Solomon. There he could not have held the place of honor. Thus, the verse of the Chronicles is admirably explained by M. De Saulcy's assignment of the second room for the tomb of Hezekiah."

Returning then to the third interior anteroom, we take up the inquiry, for whom were the unfinished—merely "sketched-out tombs"—on the side with that of Ahaz, designed? Let us see what light the Bible will give. Hezekiah was succeeded by Manasseh. Of him it is said, he "was buried in garden of his own house, in the garden of Uzza."* "So Manasseh slept with his fathers, and they buried him in his own house."† Josephus says, "He was buried in his own gardens."‡ Next comes Amon, who "was buried in his sepulcher, in the garden of Uzza."§ Josephus says, "They buried Amon along with his fathers."|| The painful fact concerning these apostate kings is, that they had deserted the religion of their fathers, and therefore did not wish to be united with them after their death. They preferred being buried in the garden of Uziah.

The first tomb on the east side of this anteroom is complete; and is also provided with a recess for treasure, situated, however, like that of Asa, on the side, and not at the farther end. Now let us return to the list of kings. Of Josiah, the next in order, it is said: "His servants carried him in a chariot, dead, from Megiddo, and brought him to Jerusalem, and buried him in his own sepulcher."¶ "He died, and was buried in one of the sepulchers of his fathers."** Josephus says, "He was buried magnificently in the *sepulchers* of his fathers."†† Josephus also says of him, that "he lived in peace, and surpassed in riches and glory all the other kings."

The other two tombs are "unfinished, merely planned out." And this ends the preparations for burial in this wonderful place of sepulture.

On the other hand, we find *four* additional kings in Jerusalem. But Jehoahaz, the first of them, died a captive in Egypt. He was probably the younger brother of Jehoiakim, and reigned but three months.‡‡ Jehoiakim was put

to death in Babylon when he was a captive; and his body was thrown outside the walls, and left without sepulture, by order of Nebuchadnezzar.* The reign of Jehoiakim commenced when he was twenty-five years of age, and continued eleven years. His son, Jehoiachin, succeeded him at the age of ten years, and reigned but three months and ten days. He was the mere vassal of Babylon, to which place he was taken as a captive, after his brief and inglorious reign. Zedekiah, his uncle, at the age of twenty-one, succeeded him in the government, and also in his misfortunes. For after a reign of eleven years he rebelled against Nebuchadnezzar. In consequence of this Jerusalem was destroyed; and Zedekiah was carried away captive—his sons being first slain before him and then his eyes put out. We have no further account of Zedekiah. But it is probable that he also died in his captivity; for soon after this we find Jehoiachin treated kindly. He was, however, never set at liberty; for it is said that "he did eat bread continually before him [Nebuchadnezzar] all the days of his life."†

Thus it becomes evident that none of these last kings were buried in the Tomb of the Kings; and it seems quite certain that but two of them had any opportunity to make any provision for their burial there. Such provision on the part of Jehoahaz and Jehoiachin is improbable.

We will not be certain that we have interpreted aright, in every respect, the observations of the various authors consulted in preparing this description of the Tomb of the Kings. Nor will we assume that we have rightly interpreted the precise order as to locality in which each king buried here was placed. But we do think we have made out a series of remarkable coincidences, worthy the attention of the antiquarian, and especially of the Biblical student.

These localities are worthy of more special attention than they seem as yet to have received, even from the most learned and industrious explorers. Most happy should we be to explore these and other relics of that earlier age, clustering around the Holy City and abounding in the Holy Land, and to trace out their coincidences with the sacred history. It is God uttering his voice from the grave of ages! It is the Immutable planting the memorial of his truth amid the mutations of empires and of kings! It is God summoning forth from the long, long slumbers of the tomb, *mute*, yet *speaking* witnesses, who

* 2 Kings xxi, 18.

† Ant. Jud. X, iii, 2.

‡ Ant. Jud. X, iv, 1.

§ 2 Chron. xxxv, 24.

¶ 2 Kings xxiii, 34, and Josephus, Ant. Jud. X, v, 2.

‡ 2 Chron. xxxiii, 20.

§ 2 Kings xxi, 26.

¶ 2 Kings xxiii, 30.

‡ Ant. Jud. X, v, 1.

* 2 Chron. xxxvi, 6, and Josephus, Ant. Jud. X, vii, 3.

† 2 Kings xxv, 29.

should testify of Him in his providence and his power.

In this age of skepticism and infidelity, when the strongholds of the Christian's hope have been so ruthlessly assailed, God seems to have come forth specially to the aid of his Church. A voice has been given to the very desolations of the earth. Look at the buried and long-lost cities which perished beneath the curse of God, and whose destruction was so entire, and their very sites so long lost, that infidelity had begun to question whether they ever existed. These cities have been exhumed from the grave of ages; they have come up from their dusty beds with the cerements of the charnel-house wrapped around them, and before all men utter their irresistible testimony to the truth of God. Every mound, and ruin, and silent tomb has become vocal as a witness for God. Infidelity and skepticism stand aghast at the spectacle; while the saint of God joins in the acclamation, "Great and mighty art thou, O Lord God, and fearful are thy judgments which thou executest upon them that dwell upon the face of the earth!"

SERMON-HEARERS CLASSIFIED.

As ye come with divers motives, so ye hear in divers manners. One is like an Athenian, and he hearkeneth after news; if the preacher say any thing of our armies beyond the sea, or council at home, or matters of court, that is his lure. Another is like the Pharisee, and he watcheth if any thing be said that may be wrested to be spoken against persons in high place, that he may play the devil in accusing of his brethren: let him write that in his tables too! Another smacks of eloquence, and he gapes for a phrase, that when he cometh to his ordinary, he may have one figure more to grace and worship his tale. Another is malcontent, and he never pricketh up his ears till the preacher come to gird against some whom he spiteth; and when the sermon is done he remembereth nothing which was said to him, but that which was spoken against others. Another cometh to gaze about the church; he hath an evil eye which is still looking upon that from which Job did avert his eye. Another cometh to muse; so soon as he is set he falleth into a brown study; sometimes his mind runs on his market, sometimes on his journey, sometimes of his suit, sometimes of his dinner, sometimes of his sport after dinner; and the sermon is done before the man thinks where he is. Another cometh to hear; but so

soon as the preacher hath said his prayer, he falls fast asleep, as though he had been brought in for a corpse, and the preacher should preach at his funeral.—*Henry Smith.*

THE CHRISTLIKE MIND.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"We have the mind of Christ."—*St. Paul.*
"The mind of Christ"—the lowly thought—
 The care, the lost to save;
 The love for childhood's trusting smile,
 The zeal for truth, the scorn for guile,
 The tear at friendship's grave.
 Pity and pardon for the frail,
 For pain, the healing care;
 The silent lip to wrath and spite,
"Va vobis" for the hypocrite,
 For enmity, the prayer.
 O pilgrim! look upon thy life,
 Where'er its course may glide,
 And see if His example sway
 Thine inward soul, thine outward way,
 A pattern and a guide;
 And see if through its daily change,
 Where woe or sickness pined;
 Where burdening toils the hours employ,
 Or in the plenitude of joy
 There beams the *Christlike mind.*

TO AN EARLY PRIMROSE.

BY JOSEPHINE.

SWEET harbinger of coming spring,
 How durst thou rear thy modest head?
 Or to the gale thy fragrance fling,
 Ere yet the nipping blast had fled?
 Is it to tell the rural swain
 That vernal months again are nigh;
 When fertile meads and ripening grain
 Shall check the murmur and the sigh?
 Or dost thou come to cheer the heart
 Of woe and want the sad abode—
 To add to nature's voice thy part,
 And teach a providential God?
 Sweet tiny flower! in days now gone
 I've plucked thee with a careless hand,
 When o'er the green, or up the lawn,
 I gamboled with a merry band.
 Thy varied hues still lovely are,
 But lovelier far they were to me,
 When my young heart knew naught of care,
 And all was youthful gayety.
 O, I would have the primrose grow,
 And shed its perfumes o'er my head,
 When this frail tenement's laid low,
 And numbered with the silent dead.

UNCLE SOLOMON'S BARN;

OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF MY NINTH YEAR.

BY MARY E. WILCOX.

THE old barn was a venerable structure, large and ancient; its brown boards and shingles were spotted with the dark moss of many years. One large maple-tree threw its shadow upon the eastern roof, and upon the west the large, double doors opened upon a meadow; and such a meadow! with the purest of brooks winding through it, and emptying into a tiny blue lake just beyond. I never looked upon this meadow without thinking of those "green pastures" and "still waters," beside which the blessed Shepherd shall lead his snow-white flock, when they shall have been washed from every stain of earth. I said so, once, to uncle Solomon; but part of it he did not hear, and the rest he did not fully comprehend; for he exclaimed in utter astonishment, "Yes, it's a fust-rate medder; but t'would be an awful pity to parster sheep on't; it yields more to the acre than any medder in town!" South of the barn was an inclosure where the cows were milked, and the posts of the fence were always decked with milking-stools of various fashions and devices. But the interior of the barn, how pleasant it seemed to my childish eyes, when the sunset streamed through the chinks of the western side, and illumed the great dusty beams opposite with streaks of golden light! How many races I have run with my little cousins across its slippery floor! how often have we played at hide-and-seek, burying ourselves in the sweet-scented hay, or creeping timidly into the mysterious, gloomy granary, or climbing above the "big beam," among the oat-bundles and hens' nests, and thence plunging fearlessly through the void below, and alighting unharmed upon the soft hay in the "lower mow;" often pursuing our play till the twilight crept into the old barn, and aunt Sally sounded the tin horn for supper! Then came a race and a scramble up the path to the house; then the supper of bread and milk—cool, white, and delicious—often sprinkled with strawberries or baked apples by aunt Sally's indulgent hand—while the adults supped on more substantial edibles. Then, after aunt Sally had "swept up," we would gather round the big fireplace, and listen sleepily to the discussion between uncle Solomon and Jonas, the "hired man"—"a likely youth, nigh twenty-one"—as to the propriety of "plowing up" and "seeding down" the "lower medder," or some equally absorbing topic. When the clock struck nine, uncle

Solomon would take the Bible from the mantle-piece, and read a chapter in an unvarying monotone, then repeat a prayer in the same tone, and always the same words, after which aunt Sally would put us to bed.

As soon as our prayers were said, and our heads touched the pillow, then came the balmy, soft, undreaming sleep of childhood, broken, perhaps, late in the night, by the sudden pattering of rain upon the low roof, but never troubled by unblessed dreams, never disturbed by that pervading sense of care which haunts the pillow of after-life! O childhood! blessed morning sunshine! though clouds are over us now, thy radiance still lingers afar upon the eastern hills of life, where our feet may never tread again!

My uncle, Solomon Ives, was a kind-hearted man, upright and Puritanic in his principles, primitive in his opinions and mode of life, an excellent farmer, and in easy circumstances; he was not a literary character; neither was he blessed with the acutest of perceptions. Aunt Sally was a simple, devoted Christian. She was gentle and indulgent to the children; but they never disobeyed her. I can see her in memory now, with her white cap, brown dress, and neatly ironed apron; although I trust she now wears the white garments of the redeemed in heaven. My little cousins, Fanny and Minnie, were twins, happy, rosy creatures, exactly similar in height and features, loving and lovely, busy and restless as two humming-birds. At the time I speak of they were eight years old, one year younger than myself. There was another cousin, too, whose name was Jerusha! actually Jerusha! In consideration of the virtues of her departed grandmother, who had borne the name and done honor thereunto, this luckless maiden, aunt Sally's first-born, was, with all the solemnities of Christian baptism, named Jerusha; and had now borne the burden of her name for seventeen years without sinking beneath it. Cousin Jerusha, or Jerrie, as we always called her, was now at a boarding-school, where she had been more than a year; for uncle Solomon, although not educated himself, was determined, as he said, "to give his gals a good eddycation."

I had been sent by my father, from a distant city, to spend the summer at uncle Solomon's, in the hope that fresh air would bring roses to my pale face. My mother died before my remembrance. I was a quiet, observing child, painfully shy, and plain; quite a contrast to the lovely little twins; but they were all unboundedly kind to me.

"Children," said aunt Sally's voice at the foot

of the stairs, one morning, "come, git up; the men have eat breakfast, and been in the lot more'n an hour. Mary, did you know yer cousin Jerrie was a cummin hum to-day? Git right up, all on you, and come to breakfast; and then I want ye to go down to the south lot and see how many blackberries you can git for me to make pies on. Jerrie's dreadful fond o' blackberry pie, and I warrant she hint had none this year. Run to the barn, too, and see 'f you can't find some hebs' nests; I want to make some puddin and custard. She's a cummin in the afternoon train."

Up we rose, as light of heart as the birds in the lilac-bushes under our chamber window, and we fittid as busily around, all that beautiful day. We scrambled all over the great barn in search of eggs, and returned laden with our spoils; we tripped across the fields when the August sun had dried the dew, down to the "south lot" after blackberries; we rode home with Jonas on a load of golden oat-sheaves; we flew round the kitchen and pantry, deluding ourselves with the belief that we were helping aunt Sally. At four, P. M., Jonas "harnessed up the hoss," and uncle Solomon drove to the depot, and we children stood on the porch, neatly dressed, awaiting his return. My little cousins, in their pink dresses, tiny black silk aprons, and braided hair, were two of the loveliest twin flowers that ever blossomed; for I had an eye for the beautiful, even then. I could see Jonas, too, standing in the barn-door, and watching my uncle's retreating wagon with a doubtful, troubled look upon his face, such as I had never seen there before. As the wind threw back his clustering light hair, and the afternoon sun threw its golden radiance upon him, I felt that though not absolutely a beautiful tableau, it was one on which the eye rested with comfort. Jonas Lynn was "the only son of his mother, and she was a widow." About four years previously his father had been unfortunate in business, and lost all his little fortune, the savings of years of industry. Despair came upon him; he was utterly weary and disheartened; so he folded his tired hands forever, and, turning away from earth, went to sleep. Jonas had been carefully educated to enter the junior class in W— College, but now this was impossible; so he resigned his beautiful hopes without a murmur, and prepared to work out for himself, by the might of his willing hands, a competence in the far west. But while he was weeping his farewell over the grave of his father, his mother was stricken with paralysis, and became, in an instant, nearly helpless. Then filial love and duty forbade all

thoughts of the west; but something must be done at once, so he became uncle Solomon's "hired man," and had now for three years performed the duties of that office. He had "harnessed the hoss," "yoked the team," guided the plow, wielded the scythe, and directed the day-laborers, and made himself so indispensable to uncle Solomon's comfort, that he declared "he couldn't git along no how if Jonas should take a notion to go away." Meantime Jonas provided the best of female attendance for his mother, who lived about three miles distant. He spent his Sabbaths with her, and did every thing that the most untiring watchfulness, prompted by the most earnest affection, could do. Aunt Sally used frequently to visit her, and once she took Fannie, Minnie, and me, all over in the big wagon to see her; but our thoughts were so full of the new swing which Jonas was to put up for us in the barn when we got back, that we thought but little of the invalid. Now to return.

"Here they come," said Fannie, darting down the path, followed by Minnie. Aunt Sally heard the joyful cry, and she, too, ran down to the gate, carrying a pie in her hand, which, in her haste, she forgot to put upon the table. I lingered behind, for I stood somewhat in awe of Jerrie, partly on account of her great age—seventeen! how venerable it seemed to me then!—partly because she had been at the great Miss Gimble's school, and must know all about "manners," and partly because I had not seen her since my fifth year. But she soon came into view, with her little sisters clinging to her. How neat and fresh she looked in her brown traveling-dress and little straw-bonnet with its white ribbons! Her brown hair was simply and tastefully arranged, and her brown eyes seemed full of gentleness and kindness.

"So this is my little cousin Mary," taking both my hands and kissing me. "Are you sorry to have me come, that you did not come to the gate to meet me?"

"No, ma'am," said I, awkwardly hanging my head.

"No, marm," repeated she, gayly laughing, "mercy! how respectful we are! Happily I am not my revered grandmother, though bearing the same delectable cognomen; therefore I think we can be a little less ceremonious."

Here she was interrupted by the united voices of the family, pouring in a mighty tornado of questions, without waiting for any replies. Very soon my aunt summoned us to supper. That supper was a triumph; the biscuits were light

and creamy; the honey clear as amber; the blackberries temptingly peeped from their cream; the pies, the custards—every thing was perfection. Jerrie was pleased with every thing. She contrasted the supper with her school diet. The tongues of Fannie and Minnie were in perpetual motion.

"O, Jerrie!" said one, "our old cat has got three of the most beautiful kittens! one of them all over white!"

"And, O Jerrie!" said the other, "we have got the nicest swing in the barn; you must come and swing in it."

"And there's a robin's nest in the cherry-tree, with four blue eggs in it," said Fanny.

"And, O Jerrie!" broke in Minnie, "we have got a pet squirrel; Jonas gave it to us, and he made us a nice cage for it, with a wheel for it to turn."

As Jonas was mentioned I fancied Jerrie gave a slight start, and turned pale—it must have been through pity for the imprisoned squirrel. However, no one noticed it but me, for it suddenly occurred to aunt Sally, to her great distress, that she had forgotten to call Jonas to supper! In the bustle of Jerrie's return, she had not thought to sound the tin horn, as usual. Dear! dear! how could she have forgotten it? and at such a time, too! He would certainly feel slighted. She must blow the horn that moment.

"I'll call him," said uncle Solomon, "I guess he aint fur off."

In due time the youth made his appearance. I thought Jerrie treated him rather coldly. He half extended his hand; but she was busy with her knife and fork—an awkward and forced movement. She did not even rise. Child as I was, I could not but observe the shadow of disappointment on the young man's face. I was indignant at Jerrie. If such were the "manners" taught at Miss Gimble's, I would ask papa never to send me there.

After tea we adjourned to the large old parlor, and sat there till the harvest-moon looked in through the eglantine-bush, and the song of the crickets grew shriller and shriller. Just before dusk young Doctor Simmons called to express "his delight at Jerrie's return," etc. I never liked him at all, but Jerrie seemed vastly gratified by his attentions. Jonas was not there; it was Saturday night, and he had gone home. At nine the children were put to bed, and being tired, went straightway to sleep. I know not how late Dr. Simmons staid.

Next day was one of those bright, golden Sab-

baths peculiar to the close of summer. A holy calm, an atmosphere at rest, seemed to pervade all things, as we slowly rode to church through the morning sunshine. The yellow grain-fields lay asleep; there was no voice of reapers, nor any sound of labor.

"The blackberry-bushes leaned over the wall,
And the blue-bird answered the yellow-bird's call,
And the sun lay goldenly over all,"

that beautiful Sabbath morning.

I understood and felt the whole of the sermon that day, and I repeated the text to uncle Solomon as we rode home—Rev. xxi, 23: "And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it, for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof." And solemnly and reverently sang the congregation, to the grand old melody of Dundee, these words:

"All o'er those wide, extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Son, forever reigns,
And scatters night away."

Then came the concluding prayer, a humble supplication that we might each and all reach that distant city, unlighted by sun, or moon, or star; that, however widely our paths on earth might be separated, they might at last all converge in the fold of the blessed Redeemer. My heart responded to every word. If those words fell with such blessing upon a child of nine years, what comfort they must have brought to the weary pilgrim of life!

As we stood in the porch at the conclusion of the services, many of the young people crowded round Jerrie, to express their delight at her return. Among them was young Dr. Simmons, with his kid gloves, scented handkerchief, glossy locks, and shining beaver. Jonas was at church; he had sat alone; now he passed us in the porch without any greeting whatever. I feared that Fannie, or Minnie, or I had offended him. I recollected with dismay, how, the very day before, when we were riding on the load of oats, Minnie had slyly filled his pockets with prickly burdocks. Perhaps he was angry with us all for that. Naughty Minnie! I had a great mind to tell aunt Sally of her.

* * * * *

Late in the afternoon, when we had been home a long time, I saw cousin Jerrie going down the path across the meadow. I wanted to go with her; so did the twins; but we feared uncle Solomon would object to our "racin round the lots a-Sabberdays." So we slipped our sun-bonnets under our aprons, crossed the room where he sat reading, with demure faces and measured tread,

passed from the door, ran after Jerrie, and overtook her. There was a spot on the shore of the lake where the bank went down abruptly several feet to the water; the bank was crowned with several large pine-trees, and was approached by a thicket of bushes and saplings. To this spot Jerrie was going, she said, "to see the sun set. It was so long since she had watched the sun set by that dear old lake, and she so loved to see the crimson tints fade from the sky and water. She was glad, too, that we were going with her." So we thought no more of uncle Solomon's displeasure, but proceeded toward the lake, thinking, as we went, that God surely would not be angry with us for going out to admire and love his beautiful works, even though it was Sunday.

When we reached the thicket, we found some crimson berries of the wintorgreen peeping from the moss, and I straightway forgot my previous meditations, in gathering the little coral gems from their green resting-places. So intent was I that I became separated from my cousins, and lost sight of them in the bushes; and after some time, becoming alarmed at their non-appearance, I made a plunge straight through the thicket toward the pine-tree bank. Before I reached it, however, my feet were arrested by the sound of an unexpected voice, and peeping through the foliage, I saw an open space, where the sinking sun was shining in, and there stood Jonas talking to cousin Jerrie! How he came there I never knew; but I suppose he was returning to uncle Solomon's, and preferred a direct line across the fields to a long walk in the dusty highway. That the meeting had been unpleasant to both, I judged from the look of bitter pain upon the young man's face, and the tears in Jerrie's eyes. I was about to spring forward, but the thought of those burdocks checked me; perhaps he was angry with me; so I stood still and listened.

"When you were last at home, Miss Ives," said he, speaking very rapidly, with a face white as marble, "you permitted me to cherish a blessed hope. That hope has been with me all the year; in every toil and care it has stood by me like an angel of light; now you snatch it from me, and trample upon it." And somewhat sternly he continued, "You have no right thus to destroy my happiness. I have foreseen this for some time, but that makes it none the less bitter. You might as well take life as to take all that makes life desirable. Go and be happy if you can; I shall never again intrude upon your pleasure; but I doubt if you will soon again find love as true as that you now despise and trample

upon." So saying he turned and walked away, and his straight, lithe figure disappeared among the trees; and Jerrie sat down on the moss and cried as if her heart would break. It occurred to me long after, that she had been rejecting her lover; but that she was remorseful and repentant, and as soon as ever he was gone, wished him back again; that her foolish little head had been half-turned by Dr. Simmons's attentions; but that now she heartily wished him at Jericho. But no such inferences as these did I draw at that time from what I had seen and heard. I was but a child of nine years old; and the reproachful words which had just fallen upon my tympanum, only conveyed the idea that Jerrie had snatched something away from Jonas which he prized highly, and had trampled upon it! This was good "manners," indeed! What a school Miss Gimble's must be for teaching politeness, to say nothing of kindness! Never, never would I go there! Bad, wicked, rude cousin Jerrie! to make poor Jonas feel so sad! Even little Minnie, the romp, never would think of doing so rude a thing! I was not sorry for Jerrie, she might cry her eyes out for what I cared; it was good enough for her. If uncle Solomon knew she had been snatching something, and stamping upon it, wouldn't he scold her, though!

While I was at the very height and fever of my indignation, Jerrie rose and walked toward the pine-tree bank, and I slowly followed at a respectful distance, and arrived there soon after she did. Fannie and Minnie were already there, and wondered where we had been so long.

The lake was all aglow with the gold and crimson sunset; it looked like a fragment of the glowing sky fallen to earth, save on the opposite shore where the tall trees cast their inverted images. Not a breeze rippled its surface; and at our feet was a huge patch of water-lilies; their large leaves lying flat upon the glassy water, and their ivory cups half-open, exhaling incense.

"O," said Minnie, "those beautiful, lovely flowers! if I could only get some! If I could climb down the bank I am sure I could reach one."

Alas! alas! cousin Jerrie was absorbed in thought, and did not notice her words, and the child commenced descending the almost perpendicular bank, all slippery with dried pine-leaves, and before Jerrie, or any of us could catch her, her feet slipped, she rolled down the bank, and, with a frightened cry, sank among the lilies.

"O, Minnie! Minnie!" cried Jerrie, "O she will die! Father in heaven, help us! O, Jonas!

Jonas!" That imploring cry of mortal anguish ran across the still water, and broke the Sabbath-silence of the shores.

"Jonas! Jonas! come back!" again she cried, as if every hope depended upon him. It echoed through the trees; it reached the ears of the retreating youth—we heard a distant crackling of underbrush—another second of horrible suspense—and with a bound like an antelope the young man stood beside us. The water had not ceased moving, the lily leaves were yet swaying where the child went down. The youth's quick eye saw all at a glance.

"Where did she sink?" said he, throwing off his coat.

Jerrie pointed to the spot; she could not speak; she made a movement as if she would plunge down the bank; but he snatched her back, seated her upon the turf, and sternly commanded her not to move from there. She sank passively back, as white as death. Like a flash he slid down the bank and disappeared, and the lily-leaves swayed above the spot where he went down; and none of us will ever forget that long, long, dreadful minute of intensest anxiety and dread which followed. O, those lilies! those hateful, mocking lilies! those tempting, treacherous lilies! Had they not enticed the sweet child to her death? and would they not now wind their clammy arms around the brave youth, and hold him under the water till his young life should depart? and still flaunt on the surface with their hateful beauty, while those two forms were cold and dead beneath? But see! the leaves are swaying with increased agitation; surely something moves them from beneath! Ah! yes; God is good! the form of the young man appears above the surface; and—God is very merciful—with one hand he grasps the body of the child. In a moment he has gained the shore, and after pausing for breath, has carried his little burden to a spot where the bank is less abrupt, clambered up, and laid her tenderly on the green turf. All this time Fanny had stood perfectly still. She had not moved nor spoken, she had scarcely breathed; now she ran and threw herself by her unconscious sister, and burst into terrible, choking sobs. Jerrie knelt beside them, clasping her hands in terror. Minnie lay motionless, the water dripping from her golden locks and her white dress; and in one of her hands was tightly clutched a stem of lilies which she had clung to when sinking. Bright, happy cousin Minnie! singing-bird and pet of the household! had she indeed gone, with her soul unstained as the lilies, to stand in the presence

of God! Although Jonas was nearly exhausted, his presence of mind did not desert him. He lowered her head, blew in her mouth and nostrils, and chafed her cold hands. Presently her eyelids trembled, and she drew a fluttering, gasping breath; then arose a cry of unspeakable gratitude from the very hearts of all. He wrapped her carefully in his coat, and bore her tenderly and fleetly home across the fields where the dew was already falling.

I have not time nor space to tell how frightened aunt Sally was when she saw us coming; nor how grateful when she had heard all, and clasped her recovered darling; nor how uncle Solomon shook Jonas by the hand, and said something which caused a glow of gratified feeling to rise to his—Jonas's—face; nor how Minnie, now nearly recovered, took his hand and carried it to her trembling lips, while Jerrie sat and silently wept; nor what a sincere thanksgiving, from an overflowing heart, uncle Solomon added to his usual prayer that night. Before eleven o'clock all were abed in the house, as usual; whether all were asleep or not, I can not say.

Next morning at breakfast, aunt Sally, from behind her smoking coffee-pot, discovered that Jonas was ghastly pale.

"Dear me," she said, "I'm afraid you caught cold last night a goin into the water. Why didn't I think to give you a bowl of good, strong catnip-tea last night! But t'aint too late yit; I'll go and bile up some red peppers, and have you drink it; it's the best thing in the world for a cold."

Jonas thanked her, but assured her he needed nothing; he had no cold; he was perfectly well. My dear, kind, simple aunt next observed the unusual appearance of poor Jerrie's eyes, and thus remarked thereupon:

"Why, Jerrie, what on arth is the matter with your eyes? You must have got an inflammation in them a walkin through that damp medder last night. If you had cried all night you couldn't have made them look worse than they do now."

At this moment I looked at Jerrie, and her face was so very red, I feared she had the scarlet fever, which I had heard of as something terrible. My apprehensions, however, were soon calmed; for, as the conversation turned upon other topics, her color gradually faded away.

That very forenoon a messenger came in breathless haste to tell Jonas that his mother was dying; she had been stricken a second time with paralysis. Jonas and uncle Solomon immediately departed on horseback. Toward night uncle Solomon returned alone, with tidings of

her death. She did not know Jonas; she did not even move nor speak after they reached her bedside, but breathed her last without a sound or struggle; "And," said my uncle in continuation, "it actually scares me to see the poor boy sitting there so sad and still. He haint shed no tears, and he don't say nothing unless somebody speaks to him. Poor boy! he's alone now, not a relation on arth. If I had a son of my own I couldn't think more of him than I do of Jonas. I never shall forgit how he saved our Minnie."

Well, two more days passed, as days *will* pass, whether people are wretched or happy, and then we all went to the funeral of poor Mrs. Lyman. It was a dreary, rainy day, with a sobbing east wind, and as we rode to the church, I thought how had the aspect of every thing changed since the Sabbath. The blackberry-bushes were wet and dripping, the grain-fields shorn and desolate, and no one spoke during the ride. At church the solitary mourner was still, and tearless even when the coffin was lowered, and the wet earth heaped upon it. Uncle Solomon asked him to accompany us home; but he declined.

Next day, however, he came over, and told uncle Solomon in presence of the family, that as he had no friends nor relatives, nor any thing to attach him to his native place, and was, moreover, twenty-one years of age, he proposed going to the west as a surveyor. "I had thought of this," continued he, "before my mother's illness, but that rendered it impracticable. Now there is nothing to keep me here; and after what I have suffered, it will be painful to stay. My arrangements are all made, and I only wait for you to release me from the remaining four months of my engagement to you, which I trust you will do. I think you will have no difficulty in finding some one to take my place."

Uncle Solomon replied in an unsteady voice, "Jonas, nobody on arth can ever fill your place to me. It would seem a'most like breakin up the family to have you go away."

Here Fannie and Minnie clung to him, sobbing, and entreating him not to go. "You saved my life," said Minnie, "now stay and be my own brother, and I will never, as long as I live, put any more burdocks in your pocket; I am so sorry I did it!"

At this Jerrie rose and left the room. I, too, felt as if I must go somewhere and cry, or my heart would break; so I flew down the path to the barn, and jumping into the "mow," threw myself upon the hay, and sobbed and cried with all my might. Presently I heard a footstep, and looking up, saw Jonas entering the barn. He

did not perceive me, but as he proceeded to the stable-door and opened it, I saw that he had come to take leave of the beautiful colt he had so carefully trained for uncle Solomon. The beautiful creature instantly knew his voice, and neighing with delight, laid her glossy head upon his shoulder. And when he left her, and sat down on the rude bench near the barn-door, the little white kitten, Minnie's pet and favorite, came running up to him; rubbing herself against him, and purring with delight. He was evidently moved by the attachment of these dumb favorites, for after taking up the little creature and caressing her, he buried his face in his hands and sat silent. I was afraid to move; I dared not intrude upon his sadness. But hearing a slight rustle, I looked up, and who should stand in the barn-door but my cousin, Jerrie! There were large tears in her eyes, and her sweet face looked sorrowful; nevertheless, there were traces of a firm resolve upon it, as she entered the barn, and passed with a light, but unfaltering tread to where the young man sat, all unconscious of her presence, and laid her hand lightly upon his shoulder. He started and looked up in surprise.

"Jonas," said she, speaking very fast lest her courage should fail, "I have come to implore you not to go. Father can not bear to have you leave him, and they will all miss you, and—and—I wish you would stay."

Here the big tears, that had stood in her eyes, rolled down and fell in a sparkling shower upon her apron. The youth regarded her in amazement.

"Jerrie," said he, "I am sorry to pain your worthy father; but I must go. It would be painful for me to stay, and *you* know why. Yet I wish you could forgive those harsh words which I spoke by the lake; I feel that they were unkind and cruel; but you can not know the bitterness of spirit which maddened me as I spoke. I hope you will be happy when I am gone, and sometimes think of me with pity and forgiveness. Good-by."

So saying he extended his hand. Now, what do you think my cousin Jerrie did? Took it in both of hers, and carried it to her lips! O, Miss Gimble! what impropriety! For a moment she spoke not, and then in a low, firm tone, but with a face covered with blushes, she said:

"Jonas, I have nothing to forgive. It is I who should ask forgiveness in being so hasty; for no sooner had you left me, than I felt that I cared for no one in the world but you, although, if you had not been going away, sad and suffering, I never could have told you so. Now, if you

will go, let me, at least, go with you. As your wife I could be happy any where."

For a moment after this declaration there was silence; but how had the last minute changed the expression of the young man's face! Hope, joy, and glad surprise sat thereon triumphant.

"Jerrie," said he, at last, "you shall never have cause to repent what you have said to-day, never; so help me God!"

Now let us leave the happy to their happiness; leave them sitting upon the rude bench, with the afternoon sunshine casting upon them a glory less fair than the light within their hearts.

I will only say that Jonas did not go to the west. I am sure nobody can guess what papa, and I, and a host of relatives, all went to uncle Solomon's for, the next Christmas; nor why aunt Sally made such a quantity of nicely-frosted cake; nor why so many turkeys and chickens lost their lives; nor why the minister was there; nor why cousin Jerrie had such a pretty white crape dress, and such a lovely wreath of white flowers in her hair; nor why Jonas looked so supremely happy. Nobody can guess, and I certainly shall not tell.

LUXURY AND PRIDE IN DRESS.

IF God were in love with fashions, he were never better served than in this age; for our world is like a pageant, where every man's apparel is better than himself. Once Christ said that soft clothing is in the kings' courts; but now it is crept into every house. Then the rich glutton jetted in purple every day; but now the poor unthrift jets as brave as the glutton, with so many circumstances about him, that if he could see how pride would walk herself, if she did wear apparel, she would even go like many in the streets; for she could not go braver, nor look stouter, nor mince finer, nor set on more laces, nor make larger cuts, nor carry more trappings about her, than our ruffians and wantons do at this day. How far are these fashions altered from those leather coats which God made in paradise! If their bodies did change forms so often as their apparel changeth fashions, they should have more shapes than they have fingers and toes.

DEFECTIVE RELIGION.

A RELIGION that never suffices to govern a man, will never suffice to save him; *that* which does not distinguish one from a wicked world, will never distinguish him from a perishing world.

THE PRAYER OF ANGEL BELL.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

ONE morning from the "pearly gates,"
A little earth-born child—
Subjected to earthly ills no more—
Looked forth and sweetly smiled.
O'er-sweeping boundless floods of space
With her clear angel eyes,
Far downward looked she to the world
Of death's stern mysteries.
And from that dim and distant orb,
She saw an angel spring;
The stars of morning crowned his brow,
Its sweet dew bathed his wing.
She saw his glorious features beam
With sacred love and joy;
And, nestled on his breast he bore
A sleeping baby-boy—
A little, lovely baby-boy,
With features pale and fair,
With tiny, perfect form, and head
All bright with golden hair.
Uprose to meet the watcher's gaze,
The angel's glance of flame,
As in his graceful majesty,
Rushing through space, he came.
"Ransomed from earth, fair child,
And granted to thy prayer,
Thy little brother comes to be
Thy precious charge and care."
Thus sang the angel, as he met
The smiling maiden's sight;
And with the lightning's speed he neared
The dazzling gates of light.
And when he stood with folded wing,
His holy errand done,
The waiting cherub clasped with joy
The treasure she had won—
Had won from all the pain, and sin,
And sorrow of the earth,
To revel 'mid the blessed scenes
Of a pure, heavenly birth.
The little one was pale no more,
Passed were his drowsy hours;
And light as air his tiny feet
Danced o'er the immortal flowers.
"Come, brother," cried the angel-child,
To the sweet infant boy,
"I long to lead thee to our sire,
And look upon his joy.
So short has been his dwelling here,
That still before the throne
He bows adoring—lost in praise—
Forgetful of his own.

*The infant boy to whom this relates was buried yesterday. He died of the same disease—consumption—that removed his sister Bell, and still more recently his father. His transit was in a gentle slumber. His mother, yet young, is now desolate indeed. She said to me, "Why can not the redeemed in heaven pray for those they leave on earth, and have them die!"

But I, upon our mother's tears,
 And on thy cruel pain,
 Looked down, and then I prayed for thee,
 Nor was my prayer in vain
 I saw thy little, feeble frame
 Contend with strong disease,
 While sadly thou didst groan and sigh,
 And vainly seek for ease.
 I saw our darling mother strive,
 By smiles and words of love,
 Day after day to cause a smile,
 Thy pretty lips to move.
 Baby, I knew there was no smile
 Within thy heavy heart;
 Too sick for home and rest wert thou,
 Still longing to depart.
 And so, beloved, I prayed for thee;
 And our most gracious King
 Commanded Azriel this morn
 My brother home to bring.
 That strong-winged angel hasted down
 Long e'er the morning broke,
 To bring my darling tenderly
 Hither before he woke.
 Baby, thy sorrows all are o'er,
 This is a joyful home,
 And to its peaceful shelter soon
 Our mother dear will come."
 Thus sang the lovely angel-child,
 Beauteous and undefiled;
 While radiant with his new-found life,
 The infant brightly smiled.
 Then sweetly rose his cherub voice,
Not now a choking cry;
 But clearer than a wood-bird's note,
 Melodious and high.
 And from his lips a rapturous song
 The heavenly echoes woke;
 From his glad soul the grateful tide
 Like pent-up waters broke.
 Then, hand in hand, the beauteous pair,
 Glowing with speechless charms,
 Passed singing through the "pearly gates,"
 And sought their father's arms.

THE BROKEN BAND.

BY MRS. E. J. RICHMOND.

'Twas evening at the pastor's hearth,
 A joyous band were gathered there,
 And childhood's silvery voice was heard
 Lipping the accustom'd evening prayer.
 The mother gazed upon her gems
 With mingled heart of joy and pride,
 Thinking if *she* were only here,
 Dear Ally, the sweet babe that died.
 But *she* among the angel throng,
 Hath sung and worshiped many a year,
 None the less fondly loved by those
 Who watched the tiny birdling here—

Who watched her as she took her flight
 Far upward to the pure white throne,
 With aching hearts and tear-dimmed eyes,
 And sadly murmured, *all alone*.
 Not lonely now; a cherub band
 Have come to cheer the lonely hearth,
 And wake within those silent walls
 Again the tones of joy and mirth.
 'Tis evening at the pastor's hearth,
 A mourning group are gathered there;
 And sobs and stifled moans are heard,
 Oft mingled with the voice of prayer.
 The dark-winged angel silent waits,
 His brooding chill is in the air;
 On two fair brows his seal is set,
 Heedless of all the heart's despair.
 'Tis o'er; sweet Ida, peerless one,
 Hath taken her angel sister's hand,
 And up the shining path of light
 Hath flown unto the better land.
 And crushing down her bitter grief,
 The mother turns unto her boy,
 To see the waxen eyelids close
 Of him, so late her life and joy.
 The cherub band are severed now,
 Three linger by their parents' side;
 Close sheltered in the Savior's arms
 The other little ones abide.
 And swift will fly the rolling years
 Ere that bright band shall meet again,
 Safe in our heavenly Father's land,
 Forever free from death and pain.

THE HOME OF THE BLEST.

BY D. E. HALTEMAN.

THERE'S a home far away from this world and its
 woe,
 Where the wings of the angels rest;
 Who, who would not wish through its portals to go
 And dwell in the home of the blest?
 Who, weighed down with sorrow and withering care,
 Does not wish that its peace he possessed—
 The peace of the holy, who, entering there,
 Ever dwell in that home of the blest?
 That traveler, trembling with doubtings and fears,
 'Mid the snares that his pathway infest,
 Looketh not unto heaven and prayeth with tears
 To dwell in that home of the blest.
 Fellow-mortal! if wishing would bring thee to
 heaven,
 Thy spirit need not be depressed;
 Ah! none but the *doers* who've manfully striven,
 Can enter the home of the blest!
 O, then be a *doer*, with heart, strength, and soul,
 And never let thy energies rest!
 Show thy brothers the way, and thus passing the
 goal,
 Enter, crowned, to the home of the blest!

SEA-SIDE THOUGHTS AND ASPIRATIONS.

HA! exclaimed I, as I sprang upon the broad beach of the Mediterranean, and my spirit drank the splendid spectacle of light and life that spread before me—what a relief it is to escape from the straining littleness and wearisome affection of men, to the free, majestic, and inspiring sea—to listen to his stern, exalted voice—to watch the untrammelled swell of these pure waters, till the pulse of our own heart beats in sympathetic nobleness—to behold it heave in untiring energy—changing momentarily in form, changing never in impression! What joy is it to be sure that *here* there is nothing counterfeit—nothing feigned—nothing artificial! Feeling, here, grapples with what will never falter; imagination here may spread its best plumed wings, but will never outstrip the real. There is here none of that fear which never leaves the handicraft of art—the fear of penetrating beneath the surface of beauty. Here man feels his majesty by feeling his nothingness; for the majesty of man lies in his conceptions, and the conception of self-nothingness is the grandest we can have. That small and noxious passion-mist, which we call our soul, is driven without; and our *true* soul—the soul of the universe, which we are—enters into us. The spirit which rests like a vapor visibly upon the bosom of the waters is a presence and a pervading power; and the breath which it exhales is life, and love, and splendid strength. Nothing in nature renders back to man the full and instant sympathy which is accorded by the mighty being who thus reposes mildly in the generous grandeur of his glorious power. We may love the forms of the trees, the colors of the sky, and the impressive vastness of the hills; but we can never animate them with a soul of life, and persuade ourselves that they experience the feeling which they cause. But the sea, as its countenance shows its myriad mutations with the variety and rapidity of the passions which sport through the breast of man, seems truly to return the emotion which is breathed toward him; and fellowship and friendship—yea, and personal affection—are the sentiments which his gambols rouse in the spectator's heart. The flashing smiles that sparkle in his eye—are they not his happy thoughts? and the ripples that flit through their scouring dance over his breast—are they not feelings of delight that agitate his frame? Whether I am amid mountains, or on plains, there is not an hour in which my existence is not haunted by the remembrance of the ocean. And I know that whenever it

shall fare so ill with me in the world that comfort and consolation can no longer be found in it, I have a paraclete beside the shelving beach who will give the consolation man withholds. The strong, thick wind which comes from it will be full of life; the petty tumult of care will be shamed by the gigantic struggle of the elements, and subside to peace.

I have never stood by the banks of the ocean thus superbly fringed with curling waves, and listened to that strange, questionable, echoed roar, without an emotion altogether supernatural. That moan—that wail of the waters—which comes to the ear, borne on the wind in the stillness of evening, sounds like the far-off complaint of another world, or the groan of our own world's innermost spirit. Like some of the unearthly music of Germany, when heard for the first time, it startles a feeling in the secret mind which has never before been awakened in this world, giving us assurance of another life, and the strongest proof that our soul is essentially immortal. Little as I am inclined by nature—and I am still less by principle—to indulge in hankerings after the unattainable, still I have always sought to realize that sentiment by which the soul infers that its birthplace and home is above, by finding within itself thoughts and emotions which are germane only to that realm, and which could not take root but in a soil celestial, nor flourish unless watered in the bud by the undescended dews of heaven. Go, stand in a lonely forest at midnight, when no sound awakes the echo, and look up on the moon gliding over the pillowed clouds—go, and standing upon the topmost stone of the Coliseum, gaze upon the sun slowly sinking through the silent mists to his resting-place—the sea—or, mounting upon the Pyramids, explore the deep blue sky which hangs above you, and this feeling will come to you in all its fullness, and you will know its truth and will confess its power. Upon such scenes I have looked, and, looking, wept at my own incompetency to grasp in its completeness this mysterious instinct, and to fathom it to its foundation. But I have calmed my agitation and descended to the business of life with the hoarded assurance of deep bliss in store for me hereafter, when, through a long futurity in another world, with an eye brightened, a heart quickened, and an understanding infinitely more comprehensive, I may attain unto that which in this sphere has baffled me, and repose throughout eternity in the fruition of glorious thoughts, which here I can but dimly apprehend, and splendid truths which here I only doubtfully discern.—H. B. Wallace.

SARAH MORRIS.*

BY ALICE CARY.

THE door of an old and less enchanting world was again open, and Sarah saw that she must leave her soft dreams for hard realities, for she had been used to hard work and hard fare at home, for the most part, and if she felt less tenderness than a child should feel for its parents, why they had felt less for her than parents should feel for their child.

In reference to again meeting Elijah, she could not herself understand the nature of her feelings—there were so much of pity and tenderness, so much of protection on her part, and of servitude on his, and, above all, so much love for Rodney, it is no wonder Sarah could only cry, and wish she had never gone away from home.

The letter was lying open in her lap, and the tears dropping silently down her cheeks, red as rose still, when Rodney joined her, and with a tenderness that seemed real, inquired the nature of her sorrow.

Sarah would have spoken, but grief choked her voice, and she could only indicate the letter.

"From some lover?" asked Rodney, half-angrily and half-reproachfully. Sarah shook her head, and he proceeded to read it, saying, "Then of course you have no secrets from me!" thus implying a right he had never asked for.

As he read he laughed many times in a sneering fashion that Sarah did not like, and would have resented when her heart was less softened than now, indicating, as he laughed, the numerous blunders in the manuscript before him.

"Every one has not had your advantages, remember," pleaded Sarah; for Rodney was a ready, correct, and graceful writer.

"I knew this fellow was your lover," replied the dissatisfied young man, and he mockingly placed the letter upon the heart of the weeping girl.

"And what if he were my lover?" said Sarah, with something of her old ironical manner, smiling as she dried her eyes.

"Nothing, nothing," replied Rodney, dropping the hand he had been so carefully coquetting with, and speaking in the tone of one vitally injured. "But," he added, "you must have known, Sarah, you must have seen, you must have felt, [here he pressed his hand against his heart, as though, if possible, to prevent its breaking then and there,] that you were cherishing hopes never, never to be realized. O Sarah! may Heaven deal gently with your conscience, and never suffer it

to reproach you, as mine would me under a similar accusation." He ceased speaking, and hiding his face in his hands, seemed to be weeping. Sarah put her arms about his neck, for she loved him, and love is not ashamed of such demonstrations, and said, artfully,

"And if Elijah were not my lover, dear Rodney, why, what then!"

"Can you wrong me so cruelly as to ask?" spoke Rodney, still hiding his face from her. "You know that to make you my wife was a hope dearer than life to me." And he went on with the pitiful deceit men are fond of practicing upon credulous women, to speak of a predisposition to early death in his family, and to say it mattered not; nobody would grieve for him, and least of all, Sarah.

Sarah affirmed that his death would break her heart, and especially if she knew that by a single moment she had hastened it, and she gave him abundant proof of what her grief would be, in the passionate outburst of grief and tears which even the suggestion of so melancholy an event produced.

"No tears for me," said Rodney, "I am not worth them. You are so good, so pure—I would not have been worthy of you, dear Sarah, and it is better as it is. I must try to forget you—try to live on; and you—you will soon forget me with him."

He hid his face in his hands again, as if to hide from himself the terrible truth; for it is astonishing to what sacrifices of truth men will resort in order to appear true.

Blinded by her love, and bewildered by his pathetic appeals, Sarah told him in the honesty of her full soul, that Elijah was not her lover, or if he were, that she did not love him in turn; that only himself was dear to her, and that if it were true he loved her, as he said, there was nothing between them and happiness.

Rodney kissed her cheek, and said he was blessed; but the voice seemed devoid of meaning, and the kiss more like the farewell to a dead friend than the betrothing to a living love.

When they parted it was under a positive engagement of marriage—even the day was arranged that he was to come to her father's house and "bear her away his bride."

Many times he sought to drag poor Elijah forward, and to make him an insurmountable obstacle in the way of the fulfilment of his dearest hope, as he called his engagement; but Sarah saw in this the jealousy, and not the weariness of love, and would not suffer the happiness of her life, and of her dear Rodney's life, to be thus

* Concluded from page 457.

idly thwarted. So, as we have said, they parted betrothed lovers. Aunt Ruth was better, and with the prospect of so soon again seeing her niece, smiled her benediction, and Sarah went away; the bloom in her cheek softened to the tenderest glow, and the independent flashing of her dark eyes subdued to the gentlest radiation.

Rumor runs faster than the wind, and the report that Sarah was coming home to get married preceded her, and curiosity was on tiptoe to know who the intended husband was.

She made no denial of her engagement when her young friends came round her with playful banter and laughing congratulations. The general impression prevailed, that the rich miller was the happy man; and that the engagement was of old standing—an impression that Sarah did not discourage. There was one who did not come to offer congratulations, to entreat pity, or to breathe reproach—and this was Elijah Burrbank. With the intelligence that Sarah was coming home only to get married, he had gone, no one knew why nor whither. Sarah's mother could divine no motive for his sudden resolution all at once; she said he had seemed to droop like a motherless kitten, and scold hard as she would, she could get no spunk into him. It seemed, she said, as though he had no interest in any thing but Sarah's horse and Sarah's garden, and that by the hour he would talk with the dumb critter, and with the flowers, as if they had been sensible beings—that his last visit was to the garden, and that he had gone away with a rose from Sarah's favorite tree in his hand.

Tears came to the eyes of the young girl when she heard this; but they were speedily dried in the sunny happiness that awaited her, for when we are very happy it is hard to believe there is any great misery in the world.

And the wedding-day came near, and the wedding-people were all invited; but who the bridegroom was, was still a secret. The miller was observed to be repairing his old house about this time, and the fact gave credence to the rumor that he was to carry off the prize.

How proud and happy Sarah was as she half admitted the correctness of the suspicion, in the thought of the brilliant undecieving that awaited! What a blessed triumph it would be to have her friends look up expecting to see the miller, and to behold Rodney—the handsome, accomplished, and elegant Rodney!

And the wedding-dress was made; and the wedding-vail was ready; and the wedding-heart was beating with such joyous expectations, when

there lacked yet three days of the marriage-day. It was an evening of the late November that Sarah sat among her myrtle pots on the back portico watching the gloomy gathering of the clouds, and the last yellow leaves as they fluttered on the almost bare branches, and dropped now and then on her head or at her feet. It would not rain—she was quite sure it would not rain. She thought the clouds were breaking and drifting away, though any one else would have seen them closing more darkly and darkly, and any one but she would have heard in the sound of the wind the prophecy of the long November rain.

She wore a dress of red and black stripes, and a little gay shawl coquettishly twisted about her neck, some bright scarlet flowers among her black hair, for Rodney had oftentimes admired the contrast of scarlet blossoms in her dark hair, and it was for him she was watching, as her quick vision swept the long distance again and again.

At length, as the last daylight lost itself in shadow, her heart beat so quick and so loud as almost to choke her. She had heard hoof-strokes in the distance, and who should be coming but Rodney!

Nearer they came and nearer. She could see the horseman more and more plainly—fear completed what hope began, and she sank down almost fainting.

The miller—for it was he—attributed her emotion to the delight she felt in seeing him; and his spirits rose, and his tender attentions and soft insinuations were doubled.

Every moment Sarah hoped Rodney would come and rid her of his disagreeable presence; but he came not.

Across the field, half a mile away, lights were seen and voices heard. They were near the road-side, and as Sarah's imagination linked every thing with Rodney, she proposed going to see what was doing, for she feared that some accident might have happened to him—he might be dying perhaps within sight of her.

Silently she sped along, leaving the breathless miller tugging after as he could, till she reached a little knoll that overlooked what was going forward. A glance convinced her that Rodney was not there; and in the reaction of mind she experienced, she laughed joyously, and running back to meet the miller, slipped her hand through his, and related in a lively tone what she had seen, as they went along.

The lights were the fires of a camp made for a night's rest by some people who were moving from one part of the country to another. As

they descended the slope together they could see two women preparing supper, by a fire of sticks and logs, while one man was busy chopping wood, and another with some children lay on the slope in the light of the blazing fire. Beneath a low oak-tree, yet full of dry rustling leaves, a rude tent was spread, within which voices of women in low and earnest conference were heard.

"Seeing your lights," said the miller, addressing the man at the fire, "we crossed the field from our home, which is just over the hill, in the hope that we might be able to serve you; this is my good lady who is with me, and indeed it was her kindly heart that drew us this way."

Sarah smiled her acquiescence of what the miller said, and the delight he felt in being for half an hour believed to be her husband, even by a few strangers whom he might never meet again, manifested itself in a thousand exuberant antics. He quite made himself master of their little camp, and pressed their own hospitalities upon the strangers with a generous kindness that was amusing to witness.

Meantime the women and children hastened to do reverence to Sarah by offering her a mat to sit upon, and insisting that she should remain and partake of their fare. They seemed to be poor people, scantily enough provided with necessities, to say nothing of comforts. The children were barefoot, and most untidily dressed and combed; but they seemed healthful, and were noisily frolicsome enough. The women who were preparing supper looked pale, and seemed discouraged, but patiently enduring. What they were going to they knew not; but they had come from poverty and suffering, and they were willing to go forward even faintly hoping for something better. Recognizing instinctively, perhaps, the presence of strangers, a gossiping old crone emerged from the tent, and pulling Sarah by the sleeve, began to address her in whispers. She appeared to be the mother of part of the campers, and affected, or had maternal feelings for all.

"You see," she said, "we would get along well enough, my sons and daughters and me, though I am ninety, but for one we have in there—she don't belong to us, though—she is sick, and I'm afraid she will never live to get to him, though if resolution could keep a body up, it will keep her up, for I never saw so much soul, as you may say, in one poor little body. Her baby was born, you see, after we were on the road, and that delayed us a week a'most; but it was herself, and not our own selves, that we cared most about: poor, dear young woman, may be it will

brighten her up like to see your face—it looks cheery and good: suppose you just step inside and see the baby, and encourage her a little;" and as she spoke she took Sarah by the hand and led her into the tent, while the wistful eyes of the miller followed her.

It was a pitiful picture that presented itself: on a rude bed of straw that was spread on the ground, and with the light of a tallow candle falling upon her face, lay a young and beautiful woman. One hand lay on the quilt of patchwork that covered her; and Sarah could not but remark the extreme delicacy and smallness of it, while the other rested on the soft curls of her baby. Her voice was low and sweet; but when she spoke of the baby's father, whom she said she was soon to join, it grew strong and full of enthusiasm and courage. By extreme necessity, she said, and no fault of his, she had become separated from him; and when the old woman alluded to the suffering she had endured, she said, with an entreating earnestness again and again, that it was not the fault of the baby's father.

She seemed so well-bred, and so continually ignored the apprehension of any endurance on her part, that poor Sarah, whose sympathies were all interested, was at a loss how to behave, or in what way to offer such charities as she felt to be required.

She was not without a woman's tact, however, and by praising the baby won her way to the heart of the gentle mother—for the child she would accept some milk—nothing for herself. She was comfortably, nay, more than comfortably provided.

She held up the child for Sarah to kiss as she was about going away, and as she did so her own enthusiasm was awakened anew—the eyes, the hands, the hair, were all so like the father of the dear baby—"If you could only see him," she exclaimed, "I am sure you would not wonder that I love him!"

"Show the young lady his picture, won't you?" interposed the old woman.

"O she would not care to see it," replied the loving wife; and she added, pressing the hand of Sarah, "pray, pardon me for talking of him so much; but then he has never seen the baby, nor me for so long—dear Rodney, how much it must have grieved him!"

Sarah's eyes fixed themselves with a new and terrible interest on the baby, as it lay asleep in its smiling innocence and beauty—the blood settled back to her heart—a faintness came over her, and she sank to the ground.

The old dame dashed a cup of water in her

face, and she recovered enough to say it was nothing; she was used to fainting fits, and would presently be quite well.

"Show the picture, it will revive her like," insisted the old dame.

"Yes, yes," gasped Sarah, "I must see the picture!"

The young mother took it from her bosom, with some apology for its not looking so well as the original, and presented it, to complete, with its fair familiar smile, the undoing of a too trustful heart. Her eyes in one long, stony stare fixed themselves upon it, as though she would fain look away the horrid lie that in some fearful way had obscured the truth of her betrothed. Catching at the shadow of hope, she whispered to herself, "I see, I see how it is, it is the brother of my Rodney."

"Can there be another in the world," cried the sick lady, "who resembles Rodney Hampton? Where did you meet the person you speak of? not surely in —?" She named the place where Sarah had met Rodney—where she had loved him, and where she had promised to be his wife.

"No, not there—not there," replied Sarah; "the person I know you have never seen;" and pressing a kiss on the white hand of the startled invalid, she went away with an unsteady and hurried step.

Heavily she leaned on the arm of the miller as she slowly returned homeward. "I suppose those people took you for my wife," he said, laughing foolishly.

"And what if they did?" replied Sarah.

"Nothing," answered the miller, "only I wish it were true."

Sarah walked on in silence; but more and more firmly till she reached the homestead-door, and then she said with a calmness that was fearful to hear, "There is a rumor abroad that I am to be married the day after to-morrow—it was a silly jest of mine—if you please you may make it truth."

When she had received the miller's affirmative response, she coldly silenced his tender demonstrations, and forbidding him to see her again till the hour appointed to unite their fates, she retired to her chamber, and gave herself up to the awfulest of all tortures—the rack of unrequited love.

And the wedding-day came, and the guests stood silent, and wondering when they saw the bride, for her eyes had lost their luster, and her cheek was hueless as death; but in due form she was made the wife of Mr. Hilton, and in due

time she accompanied him to the gloomy old stone-house. From her marriage-day she was never seen abroad, and her gay laughter was never heard to ring out any where; her bright saddle was hung up in the dusty garret, and her bright cheeks faded and grew thin. The gallant gray was tied to the mill-wheel, and trod his sober round; and Sarah trod her sober round, doing her duty, but scolding the miller as loudly and sharply as her mother before had scolded Job. In the main, however, she was a good wife, and if she scolded the miller, so the neighbors said, it was no more than he deserved, for he was a hard, selfish, and tyrannical master.

Many years they plodded on together; but at length the miller was gathered to his fathers; and other years Sarah lived on alone, wearing a mourning dress, and caring little to conceal the silver streaks that were beginning to show above her temples. One winter night as she sat by the blazing fire, the flinty snow rattling against the pane, there was a loud knocking at the door, and the next moment a strange gentleman was borne in, who had been thrown from his carriage at her gate, and considerably hurt. He was carried immediately to bed, and the village doctor called, who pronounced his patient badly bruised, but in no wise seriously injured. He was partially unconscious at first, but after his face for a few minutes had been bathed, he recovered sufficiently to thank his hostess, and to inquire whether his luggage was safe—one box he was particularly solicitous about, and could not rest till Sarah had brought it to his bedside. On seeing it he smiled, and shortly afterward fell asleep. That smile seemed to join itself to some old memory, but Sarah could not tell what; it might be with Rodney, perhaps, but if it were, it stirred no troubled thought. The stranger was certainly handsome, and from his dress and belongings was evidently of no mean position in the world—a man of leisure and money, Sarah thought, traveling probably for his health, for she was sufficiently old herself to retain somewhat of curiosity; and while she mused and turned her eyes from the refined and expressive face to the little white hand that seemed reaching toward her, wondering who her guest was, and when she should find out all about him, the clock struck twelve, more loudly than it had ever struck till then, it seemed to Sarah; and the sleeping gentleman unclosed his eyes, and fixed them earnestly and tenderly upon the watcher by his side, and as he gazed his pale cheek blushed, and his mouth lost the firm expression of manhood, and took the sweet sensitive look of the loving boy.

"Are you in pain?" asked Sarah, not well knowing what else to say.

"Yes," replied the stranger, "I fear a long-cherished treasure is lost from this box. Will you please remove the lid that I may see?"

Sarah slipped the covering aside, and for a moment stood paralyzed, and then, as her eyes fell inquiringly upon the stranger, the blush of twenty years again bounded in her cheek.

The box contained a coarsely-braided rye-straw hat, trimmed with a faded blue ribbon!

Elijah! Sarah! was all they could say in the first joyous shock of their surprise. What more they said, ultimately, let us not care to inquire—enough that the day broke for them at midnight, and that there was never any more darkness in all their lives.

THE SIGHTLESS.

THE blind man comes out in the morning season to cry aloud for his food; when he hears no longer the feet of men he knows that it is night, and gets him back to the silence and famine of his cell. Active poverty becomes rich; labor and prudence are rewarded with distinction: the weak of the earth have risen up to be strong; but he is ever dismal, and ever forsaken! The man who comes back to his native city after years of absence, beholds again the same extended hand into which he cast his boyish alms; the self-same spot, the old attitude of sadness, the ancient cry of sorrow, the intolerable sight of a human being that has grown old in supplicating a miserable support for a helpless, mutilated frame—such is the life these unfortunate children would lead, had they no friend to appeal to your compassion—such are the evils we will continue to remedy, if they experience from you that compassion which their magnitude so amply deserves.

The author of the book of Ecclesiastes has told us that the light is sweet, that it is a pleasant thing for the eyes to behold the sun; the sense of sight is, indeed, the highest bodily privilege, the purest physical pleasure, which man has derived from his Creator; to see that wandering fire, after he has finished his journey through the nations, coming back to us in the eastern heavens; the mountains painted with light; the floating splendor of the sea; the earth waking from deep slumber; the day flowing down the sides of the hills, till it reaches the secret valley; the little insect called to life; the bird trying her wings; man going forth to his labor; each created being moving, thinking, act-

ing, contriving according to the scheme and compass of its nature; by force, by cunning, by reason, by necessity—is it possible to joy in this animated scene, and feel no pity for the sons of darkness? for the eyes that never taste the sweet light? for the poor, clouded in everlasting gloom? If you ask me why they are miserable and dejected, I turn you to the plentiful valleys; to the fields now bringing forth their increase; to the freshness and the flowers of the earth; to the endless variety of its colors; to the grace, the symmetry, the shape of all it cherishes, and all it bears; these you have forgotten because you have always enjoyed them; but these are the means by which God almighty makes man what he is; cheerful, lively, erect; full of enterprise, mutable, glancing from heaven to earth; prone to labor and to act. Why was not the earth left without form and void? Why was not darkness suffered to remain on the face of the deep? Why did God place lights in the firmament for days, for seasons, for signs, and for years? that he might make man the happiest of beings, and give to this his favorite creation a wider scope, a more permanent duration; a richer diversity of joy: this is the reason why the blind are miserable and dejected, because their soul is mutilated and dismembered of its best sense; because they are a laughter and a ruin, and the boys of the streets mock at their stumbling feet; therefore I implore you, by the Son of David, have mercy on the blind; if there is not pity for all sorrows, turn the full and perfect man to meet the inclemency of fate; let not those who have never tasted the pleasures of existence, be assailed by any of its sorrows; the eyes which are never gladdened by light should never stream with tears.—*Sydney Smith.*

DISPUTES.

IBELIEVE there are none, possessed of ordinary intelligence, who do not often muse on the folly which belongs to the petty word-quarrels in which men are so often engaged. There are men, who, being led into dispute, wax warmer and warmer as the conflict increases, till finally they separate in high dudgeon, both inwardly vowing that "there never was such an obstinate old fellow as that Jones," or "Brown," as the case may be. For such men I have two rules selected—one from Jefferson and one from M. Aurel. The former says: "When you are angry, always count ten before you speak." And the latter: "In all differences, consider that both you and your enemy are dropping off, and that ere long your very memories will be extinguished."—*Fitz Morner.*

CONCERNING AUTHORS.

BY CHARLES NORDHOFF.

CAXTON, who was beyond all doubt the first English printer, united to the occupation the branches of publisher and author.

The first book printed in the English language was a translation of Raoul le Ferre's *Recueil* of the *Historyes of Troye*. It was issued in 1471, from the press at Cologne, where Caxton himself became initiated into "the noble mystery and craft of printing." Two years afterward he imported the art into his native country. The first book ever printed in England was entitled "The Game and Playe of the Chesse: translated out of the Frenche, and emprynted by me, William Caxton. Fynysshid the last day of Marche, the yer of our Lord God, a thousand, four hundred, lxxiiij."

The historians of those days seem to have been singularly blind to the importance and magnificence of a discovery from which they themselves profited so largely.

The contemporaries of our first printer were not struck by their novel and precious possession, of which they participated in the first fruits in the circulation and multiplication of their volumes. The introduction of the art into England is wholly unnoticed by the chroniclers of the age, so unconscious they were of this new implement of the human mind. We find Fabian, who must have known Caxton personally—both being members of the Mercer's Company—passing unnoticed his friend; and instead of any account of the printing-press, we have only such things as "a new weather-cock placed on the cross of St. Paul's steeple." Hall, so copious in curious matters, discovered no curiosity to memorialize in the printing-press; Grafton was too heedless; and Holinshed, the most complete of our chroniclers, seems to have had an intention of saying something by his insertion of a single line, noticing the name of "Caxton as the first practicer of the art of printing;" but he was more seriously intent in the same paragraph to give a narrative of "a bloody rain, the red drops falling on the sheets which had been hanged to dry." The history of printing in England has been vainly sought for among English historians; so little sensible were they to those expansive views and elevated conceptions, which are now too commonplace eulogies to repeat.

Caxton, in common with very many of his successors, united in himself the three branches of printer, publisher, and author. But for the

latter business he seems to have been but little fitted by education or literary taste, as is proven by the following account he gives of his manner of settling upon the publication of what has been called a "puerile romance." "Having no work in hand, I sitting in my study, where as lay many diverse paunflettes and bookys, happened that to my hand came a lytel boke in French, which late was translated out of Latin by some noble clerk of France, which book is named *Æneydos*."

Up to the year 1480 printing had been mostly done in Latin. In that year the Italians first made use of Greek and Hebrew type. And at various times during the sixteenth century, editions were published in Armenian, Syriac, Coptic or Egyptian, Persian, and Arabic, which seems to show a large advance made in the mode of manufacturing types.

The invention of what is now called *Italic* letters, in printing, we owe to Aldus Manutius. His object was to do away with the numerous abbreviations, which sometimes rendered a book nearly unintelligible. To such an extent, indeed, were these carried, that a treatise was actually written, and addressed to the learned, "on the art of reading a printed book." The *Italic* letter was at first called the *Aldine*.

Upon the establishment of the art of printing, the learned of all departments delighted in the office of proof-corrector, and the name of the corrector of the press was frequently added to that of the printer, as giving character to the work for general correctness. Errors were guarded against with exceeding care. It is related of Robert Stephens, an English printer of note, that he even hung up his proof-sheets in public places, and paid a price to any one who could point out an error. Nevertheless, errors would remain, and often in great plenty. In the version of the Epistles of St. Paul, in the Ethiopian language, which proved to be full of errors, the editors allege as a reason, good-humoredly, that, "they who printed the work could not read, and we could not print; they helped us and we helped them, as the blind help the blind."

The earliest kind of paper of which we have any account, was the Egyptian *papyrus*. The Chinese are said to have understood the art of making paper from the pulp of rags, in very early times. The art is supposed to have been introduced into Europe during the obscurity of the middle ages, by the Arabians. In the beginning of the fourteenth century a paper-mill was established at Nuremberg, Germany. The first

paper made in England was at Dartford, in 1588. The manufacturer of it was a German; he was knighted by the Queen.

The first public library in Italy, says Tiraboschi, was founded by Nicholas Niccoli, a merchant, and a person of inconsiderable fortune, but of a noble public spirit, and great fortitude in carrying out his generous designs. The intrepid resolution of Nicholas V laid the foundation of the Vatican library. The affection of Cardinal Bessarion for his country first gave Venice the rudiments of a public library. Sir Thomas Bodley was the first to establish a public library in England—that of Oxford. Richard de Bury, Chancellor and High Treasurer of England, so early as 1471 raised the first private library in that country. Henry Rantzau, a Danish gentleman, was the founder of the present library of Copenhagen.

The first newspaper was published at Venice, and was a monthly. The profession of editor seems to have been at that time one of little honor and much hazard. "A jealous government," says Mr. George Chalmers, in his life of Ruddiman, "did not allow a printed newspaper, and the Venetian Gazette continued, long after the invention of printing, to the close of the sixteenth century, and even to our own days, to be distributed in *manuscript*." The first British newspaper was published during the general anxiety occasioned by the expected invasion of the Spanish Armada. The earliest newspaper is entitled "The English Mercurie," and by authority "was imprinted in London, by her highnesses printer, 1588."

Plans to improve the orthography of the English language seem to have been entertained by great numbers of authors, from the earliest days of the printing art down to the present time.

A curious instance of the monstrous anomalies of our orthography in the infancy of our literature, when a spelling-book was yet a precious thing which had no existence, appears in this letter of the Duchess of Norfolk, to Cromwell, Earl of Essex:

"My ffary gode lord—her I sand you in tokyn hof the neweyer a glasse hof Setyl set in Sellfer gylde I pray you tak hit (in) wort An hy wer habel het shoulde be bater I woll hit war wort a m crone."

These lines were written by one of the most accomplished ladies of the sixteenth century, "the friend of scholars and the patron of literature." Dr. Nott, who has supplied this literary curiosity, has modernized the passage word by word; and though the idiom of the times is pre-

served, it no longer wears any appearance of vulgarity or of illiteracy.

"My very good lord,—Here I send you, in token of the New Year, a glass of setyl set in silver gilt; I pray you take it (in) worth. An I were able it should be better. I would it were worth a thousand crown."

So far from systematized was orthography that writers of distinction, however indirectly peculiar, did not even write the same word in the same manner constantly. Elizabeth wrote *sovereign*—surely a favorite word with her—no less than seven different ways. Leicester has subscribed his own name eight different ways. The name of Villers is spelled fourteen different ways in the deeds of the family. And the simple and illustrious name of *Percy* has been found written no less than fifteen different ways.

But not only in orthography and orthoepy did the authors of those days seek to improve the language. They labored to be rid of the pedantic verbosity which was so generally affected; and old Roger Ascham nobly typified the tone of a popular and useful literature, when he expressed a determination "to speak as the common people; but think as wise men."

Previous to the Elizabethan age no literary property appears to have been vested in an author, in England. The privilege of a royal grant to the author was the only protection this personage had for any profits of his works. The freedom of the press, too, had been entirely wrested from the printers, and by royal grants the various branches of book-printing were divided among certain individuals. One enjoyed the privilege of printing Bibles; another, all law-books; another, grammars; another, "almanacs and prognostications;" and another, ballads and books in prose and meter. These privileges assuredly increased the patronage of the great, and the dispensations of these favors were doubtless often abused. A singing-man had the license for printing music-books, which he extended to that of being the sole vender of all ruled paper, on the plea that where there were ruled lines, musical notes might be pricked down; and a private gentleman, who was neither printer nor stationer, had the privilege of printing grammars, and other things, which he farmed out for a considerable annual revenue, by which means these books were necessarily enhanced in price. This tyranny the printers resented and resisted, and it is curious here to discover that the aggrieved had even formed a "trade union," for contributions to defend suits at law against the privilege.

It is curious to know that there was a time—

when the art of printing was carried on to some extent—when authors used every expedient to conceal their identity, and anonymous publication was the universal rule. The noble-minded hardly ventured out of the halcyon state of manuscript to be tossed about in open sea; it would have been compromising their dignity, or disturbing their repose, to submit themselves to the cavils of the cynics. They were not aware, even at that more advanced period, when a series of "poetical collections" appeared, of what they had already done; and it has been recently discovered, that when the printer of "England's Helicon" had innocently affixed the names of some writers to their pieces, to quiet their alarms, he was driven to the clumsy expedient of pasting slips of paper over their names.

"We have a striking instance of this feeling in the circumstance of a sonnet of our Maiden Queen, on the conspiracies then hatching by the party of her royal sister of Scotland. One of the ladies of her bedchamber had surreptitiously transcribed the poem from her Majesty's tablet; and the innocent criminal had thereby cast herself into extreme peril. The Queen affected, or at least expressed her royal anger lest the people should imagine that she was busied in "such toys;" and her Majesty was fearful of being considered too lightly of for so doing. The grave sonnet might, however, have been accepted as a state-paper. The solemn theme, the grandeur of the queenly personages, and the fortunes of two great nations at issue, communicated to these verses the profound emotions of contemplative royalty, more exquisite than the poetry. Yet Elizabeth could be checked by 'the fear to be held too lightly by such toys.'"

In our time, when it has become impossible to read all, or even the most important of the books daily and weekly issuing from the hundred presses of our own country alone, critical reviews have become as necessary as useful to those who aim to keep up an acquaintance with the literature of the day. The department of literary criticism in those of our newspapers and periodicals in which it is ably and impartially conducted, has become one of great importance and interest; and even where, as is too often the case, impartial criticism has been lost in indiscriminating puffery, the column of "notices of new publications" meets with attention from the reader. If the critical reviews of the present day are interesting to us, as giving us information upon the literature of the times, the reviews of the past are no less useful in showing forth a history of literature during the period of their

publication. Not only do they give us extended ideas of the publications of those days, but by the manner of their criticism we are enabled to judge of the then prevailing taste in literature, and of the progress made from time to time in the department of letters. Thus a volume of old reviews forms for the thinking man most interesting matter for consideration, and takes him back to the times when the opinions then delivered, however odd they may now appear, were approved of men, and the books there mentioned, now perhaps no longer retaining a place in the memory of the reading public, or on the shelves of the bookseller, were bought and read with avidity, and formed the subject of daily "table-talk." Dennis de Sallo, a counselor of the Parliament of Paris, is stated by D'Israeli—to whom we are indebted for many of the facts in the present article—to have originated critical reviews. His *Journal des Savans* appeared in 1665. The first number was printed under the name of his footman, possibly for fear of an ill reception of his work. But the project was received with great favor in the literary world, and the following year his journal was imitated in various parts of Europe, and itself translated into various languages. De Sallo was severe in his criticisms, and created many enemies by his freedom of speech. The Abbe Gallois succeeded him. Warned by the fate of his predecessor, he simply gave the titles of books accompanied with extracts.

The next reviewer of note is Bayle. He began in the year 1684 his *Nouvelles de la Republique des Lettres*. The Monthly Review—British—which has been called the mother of British critical journalism, was begun in 1749.

But although the existence of critical journalism can only be traced back to the middle of the seventeenth century, it is by no means to be supposed that critics date the existence of their tribe no farther back. So long as there have been writers of worth, so long have they been assailed by critics, eager to find fault, and detract from merit. Homer has been accused of plagiarism. Sophocles was tried as a lunatic. The illustrious Socrates has been arraigned for usury by Cicero, and for ignorance by Athenæus. Plato was accused by as many different critics and philosophers of envy, of lying, of avarice, of inconsistency, and of impiety. Aristotle had been called ignorant, ambitious, and vain; by Cicero and Plutarch. Virgil, according to Pliny, is destitute of inventive power. The misfortunes of many of the most justly celebrated writers of more modern times, show conclusively that the

race of detractors is not extinct. Cervantes was poor. Camoens, Portugal's immortal poet, died in a hospital. Vondel, the Dutch Shakspeare, "lived in great poverty, and died at ninety years of age, after having written a number of popular tragedies. His coffin was borne to the grave by fourteen poets."

Tasso and Ariosto were both poor. "Vaugelas, the most polished writer of the French language, who devoted thirty years to a translation of Quintus Curtius, died possessed of nothing valuable but his manuscripts. He left his corpse to the surgeons for the benefit of his creditors."

Corneille was found dying, "deprived of even a little broth." Dryden, for less than three hundred pounds, sold ten thousand verses. Simon Ockley, a learned orientalist, who gave to England almost the first valuable work on the language and literature of the east, dated his preface from a prison. D'Israeli, in his *Calamities of Authors*, gives an extended list of British authors, who have languished in poverty or prison, unappreciated till after death had placed them above the necessities which the cotemporary world refused to supply.

It is singular to see traced back to their sources some of what have been considered the happiest thoughts of great authors. "Voltaire has a curious essay, showing that most of our best modern stories and plots originally belonged to the eastern nations, a fact which has been made more evident by recent researches. The *Amphitreon* of Moliere was an imitation of Plautus, who borrowed it from the Greeks, who in turn took it from the Indians. It is given by Dow, in his *History of Hindoostan*. In Captain Scott's *Tales and Anecdotes from Arabian writers*, we are surprised at finding so many of our favorites very ancient orientalists. The *Ephesian Matron*, versified by Lafontaine, was borrowed from the Italians; it is to be found in Petronius; he had it from the Greeks; the Greeks obtained it from the Arabian Tales; and the Arabian fabulists borrowed it from the Chinese! It is found in Du Halde, who collected it from the Version of the Jesuits."

TONGUES AND PENS OF SCHOLARS.

SCHOLARS are men of peace; they bear no arms, but their tongues are sharper than Actius's razor; their pens carry further, and give a louder report than thunder. I had rather stand in the shock of a basilisk, than in the fury of a merciless pen.—*Sir T. Brown.*

THE BROKEN EMBANKMENT.

IN the Netherlands, and some other countries, so flat is the beach and so shallow is the ocean, that a man may inclose a portion of the liquid expanse, and, by pumping off the water, may at once secure to himself a ready-made estate. Every man is born on the edge of such an ocean. Perhaps he has no patrimony, and, sure enough, he is born into the world without knowledge. His fortune is all to make; but he has the means of making it. From the great waste he may reclaim as much as he pleases, and, through industry and the blessing of God devoutly sought, he may succeed in securing a goodly domain of intelligence, moral worth, and ascendancy over others.

It can not, however, be disguised, that a territory formed in this fashion is liable to many hazards; and if the submerged birthright says, "Take pains, and I will come to you," the surrounding ocean says, "Take care, or I will drown you." The great battle, in the first instance, is to wall off the space and pump out the brine; but it needs constant vigilance to preserve the acquisition. The surrounding deep is really higher than the solid land, and the dash of the waves and the flow of the current are constantly wearing and wasting the dikes and breakwaters; and, did the owner not assiduously repair the damage, the ocean would soon recover his own. So, to preserve the fruits of past effort, we have need of diligence. The scholar who does not keep up his learning soon loses it; and when you ask, What has become of it all? where has it all gone, which, at the time, cost such trouble and expense? the answer must be, "He did not revise. He took no pains to keep up his acquisitions, and so his knowledge is all ingulfed—gone back to the great abyss of ignorance from which it was at first reclaimed." And the trader, the servant, the clerk, who has made or inherited a little money, if he does not take care of it, will soon be as poor as ever. And the man who has made some friends—who, by his amiable qualities, or his obliging exertions, has attached others to his person—if he allow months or years to elapse without intercourse, and if he takes no pains to preserve what he once deemed so precious, will forfeit it all; or if he allows an umbrage to arise, or a misunderstanding to continue unexplained—"the beginning of strife is as the letting out of water," and soon angry controversy and bitter recriminations may tumultuate on the spot where the bower sacred to friendship blossomed before. And the man who has made

some progress in well-doing—who has earned a character for sobriety, or honesty, or industry—this leak, is it not a little one? Yes, but it is a breach in the rampart, and if you do not stop it at once, you may be a beggar to-night, and be glad to escape from the seething desolation in a boat which you are obliged to borrow. A little act of duplicity or dishonesty—an occasional absence from the house of prayer, or a slackening of private devotion—a few drops of drink too much, or a few minutes at your post too late, may be the neglected crevice at which a whole inundation of evil bursts in, with the shame and confusion and irretrievable disasters of a moral bankruptcy overwhelming the spiritual sluggard.

But any bad habit, if it be not promptly arrested, may end in the total destruction of character.

Hear the confession of one of the most exquisite writers who have ever graced English literature, or saddened the heart of piety:

"Twelve years ago," says Charles Lamb, "I had completed my six-and-twentieth year. I had lived from the period of leaving school to that time pretty much in solitude. My companions were chiefly books, or at most one or two living ones of my own book-loving and sober stamp. I rose early, went to bed betimes, and the faculties which God had given me, I have reason to think, did not rust in me unused.

"About that time I fell in with some companions of a different order. They were men of boisterous spirits, sitters up a-nights, disputants, drunken, yet seemed to have something noble about them. We dealt about the wit, or what passes for it after midnight, jovially. Of the quality called fancy I certainly possessed a larger share than my companions. Encouraged by their applause, I set up for a professed joker!

"My next more immediate companions were no drinkers; but one from professional habits, and another from a custom derived from his father, smoked tobacco. The devil could not have devised a more subtle trap to retake a backsliding penitent. The transition from gulping down draughts of liquid fire to puffing out innocuous blasts of dry smoke, was so like cheating him. But he is too hard for us when we hope to commute. He beats us at barter; and when we think to set off a new failing against an old infirmity, 'tis odds but he puts the trick upon us of two for one. That—comparatively—white devil of tobacco brought with him in the end seven worse than himself.

"I have seen a print after Correggio, in which three female figures are ministering to a man who

sits fast bound at the root of a tree. Sensuality is soothing him, Evil Habit is nailing him to a branch, and Repugnance at the same instant of time is applying a snake to his side. In his face is feeble delight, the recollection of past rather than perception of present pleasures, languid enjoyment of evil with utter imbecility to good, a Sybaritic effeminacy, a submission to bondage, the springs of the will gone down like a broken clock, the sin and the suffering co-instantaneous, or the latter forerunning the former, remorse preceding action—all this represented in one point of time. When I saw this, I admired the wonderful skill of the painter. But when I went away I wept, because I thought of my own condition.

"Of that there is no hope that it should ever change. The waters have gone over me. But out of the black depths, could I be heard, I would cry out to all those who have but set a foot in the perilous flood. *Could the youth, to whom the flavor of his first wine is delicious as the opening scenes of life, or the entering upon some newly-discovered paradise,* look into my desolation, and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when a man shall feel himself going down a precipice with open eyes and a passive will; to see his destruction, and have no power to stop it, and yet to feel it all the way emanating from himself; to perceive all goodness emptied out of him, and yet not to be able to forget a time when it was otherwise; to bear about the piteous spectacle of his own self-ruin; could he see my fevered eye, feverish with last night's drinking, and feverishly-looking for this night's repetition of the folly; could he feel the body of the death out of which I cry hourly with feeble and feeble outcry to be delivered—it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth in all the pride of its mantling temptation; to make him clasp his teeth,

'And not undo 'em

To suffer yet damnation to run thro' 'em.'

"Behold me, then, in the robust period of life, reduced to imbecility and decay. Hear me count my gains, and the profits which I have derived from the midnight cup.

"Life itself, my waking life, has much of the confusion, the trouble, and obscure perplexity of an ill dream. In the daytime I stumble upon dark mountains.

"Business, which, though never particularly adapted to my nature, yet as something of necessity to be gone through, and, therefore, best undertaken with cheerfulness, I used to enter upon with some degree of alacrity, now wearies,

affrights, and perplexes me; I fancy all sorts of discouragements, and am ready to give up an occupation which gives me bread, from a harassing conceit of incapacity. The slightest commission given me by a friend, or any small duty which I have to perform for myself, as giving orders to a tradesman, etc., haunts me as a labor impossible to be got through. So much the springs of action are broken.

"The same cowardice attends me in all my intercourse with mankind. I dare not promise that a friend's honor, or his cause, would be safe in my keeping, if I were put to the expense of any manly resolution in defending it. So much the springs of moral action are deadened within me."

Like what the British essayist describes so awfully, is the course of many a sin. It comes in a white devil, but it soon darkens into a black one. It arrives like a fairy, through a crack in the door or a chink in the wall; but it soon expands into a giant, which crushes into a corner all the better inmates, and which the whole strength of the household is unable to expel. It begins a tiny stream, which it is almost amusing to observe as it rills over the embankment, and runs among the grass; but already the colossal hydra is mining the substructions, and, with a mighty heave, is ready to overthrow the rampart and let the roaring ruin enter.

Reader, find out your sin, or be sure your sin will find out you. Ascertain the weak point in your character, and whatever it be—a soft and consenting humor, a covetous or gain-grasping propensity—a truth-concealing or truth-distorting cowardice—a boastful or vainglorious spirit—sloth, selfishness, the indulgence of base appetite, be sure that, uncured and unconquered, that sin will be your ruin. At this moment you may fancy that you have it under control; but it will not be long till it convince you that it, and not you, are the master. And before tied and bound with its chain you are carried captive by Satan at his pleasure, implore of God, for the dear Savior's sake, to pardon all its grievous guilt, and beg the aids of his Spirit, all-holy and almighty, to enable you to overcome it. Nor, at first, would it be misdirected industry, though you concentrated all your energies on this one endangered point, though you made it the object of your all but exclusive watchfulness, the object of your most important prayers. This particular sin is your weak point; and when storms of temptation come, it is here that too likely your character will break down and sweep away your prospects for either world.

At the same time see to the foundations. In the lands in question it sometimes happens that the dike is green, and all that meets the eye looks firm and solid; but underneath low-water level, the worms have bored the piles, the rush of the current has washed away the supporting materials; and, while the owner and his neighbors congratulate themselves on the fresh turf and the fine facings of the masonry, to every one's amazement the mole gives way and crumbles down into the deep. So reputations, which stood for many years, sometimes suddenly and mysteriously succumb. Addicted to no bad habit, as far as is known to other people—of good report among them that are without—of fair standing in the Church itself—all of a sudden the rumor flies, "The dike is broken!" "Such a one has denied the faith, or done a deed which, when you hear it, will make your ears to tingle."

Now, as such an explosion is not an accident, as it seldom happens that a reputation gives way in which a hollowing process has not been advancing for some time before, it becomes him who standeth to take heed lest he fall. Let us see to it that the foundations are secure—that the substructions are sound. Our creed was genuine once: let us see to it that we are as sincere and as fully persuaded now as when we first believed. God's eye was once around our path wherever we might go: let us take care lest we forget his presence now. "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord;" "Let him that nameth the name of Jesus depart from all iniquity," were once main piers in the foundation: let us see to it that now, when we are so much nearer the great white throne, the revelations of God's righteous judgment are not losing their solemnity. Friendship with Christ, and purity of heart and conduct, once were synonyms: let us see to it, lest, as the serpent beguiled Eve through his subtilty—a tree of God's garden—a truth of God's word—be not made a plea for transgression—a pretext for presumption, and because grace has abounded we take courage to sin. Prayer and its implied dependence on God were once as essential to our security as is its anchor to the ship—as is its buttress to the ocean-bulwark: let us see to it, that the very answers to prayer be not perverted into an occasion of carnal confidence; and because we have been kept so long, we fancy that henceforward we can keep ourselves. Such presumption nothing can survive. Worm-eaten by unbelief, the supporting pillars will give way, and caved out by the corroding current of worldly-mindedness, the founda-

dations will be swept to sea; and as, undermined and hollowed, the floods come and beat on that house, it will fall, and great will be the fall thereof.

A NIGHT AMONG TYPES AND PRESSES.

BY WM. T. COGGESHALL.

THE lamps in the streets of New York shone dimly through a thick mist that was partly turned to sleet as it settled upon the pavements, on a night in early spring, which I had devoted to notes and observations in one of the principal newspaper establishments of the metropolis. I crossed the Park, and ascended a flight of narrow, winding stairs, to the editorial rooms of the Daily Tribune. I had been there before, and knew where to find the editor in chief. He was writing at a desk which was about on a level with his eye—it being one of his "isms," that a man to be healthy and do good work with a clear brain, must not cramp his chest, but afford his lungs ample play with fresh air. I told him my wish and purpose for the night. He said there had just been a foreign arrival, and every body was very busy, but I was at liberty to look about and ask whatever questions I pleased.

I knew that the Tribune had been established in 1841, and that it had obtained in the aggregate—for its different issues, daily, semi-weekly, and weekly—a larger circulation than any other paper in the world. I wished to learn how many men were employed in its editing, printing, etc.; how their labor was divided; in what it consisted; and to what it amounted.

The office work of a New York daily morning paper begins properly late in the afternoon. News makers and news gatherers are busy, day as well as night, but budgets of news do not find their way from legislative houses, court-houses, market places, ship-rooms, telegraph wires, etc., to printing offices till general business hours are over; consequently, the printer is at work most lively when other people are at rest. From the rooms on the pavement, where the counting-offices are, to the highest story, where the composing-room is, the Tribune buildings flashed with light, which enabled earnest men to pursue hard work. The subterranean regions, in which the presses run, were quiet. The editors and compositors must finish their work before the pressmen's skill and energies are required. Every desk in the editorial room is occupied till eight or nine o'clock, then the leading editor is at leisure, and his assistants are at lectures, or concerts, or at the theater; the managing editor has

arranged the order of the articles which have been prepared, and decided what can be left over, and what must go in. At ten o'clock the night editor is at his post. The city editor is receiving his budgets from the local reporters; proof-readers are watchfully employed; but the click of types, falling into lines under the compositors' attention, is not as lively as it was, perhaps, an hour before, because the night editor expects important telegraphic dispatches, and he warns the foreman of the type-setters to hold back for them, and for reports of lectures and public meetings. At midnight, and sometimes earlier, one side of the paper is ready for the press. Then all the copy is in the composing-room, unless telegraphic dispatches or extended reports of great meetings are yet to be prepared. Whatever is done after midnight must be done with speed. At half-past two o'clock, or at the latest hour, half-past three, all the copy must be "in hand," and then every type-setter strains every nerve to "close up" on the last form, that the foreman may get the second side of the paper ready for the press. Perhaps 30,000 copies are yet to be printed, counted, folded, and circulated before seven o'clock.

I sit in the editorial room talking with the night editor, and taking notes about the number of men employed, the increase of circulation, and other matters on which I design to write. It is nearly four o'clock; we hear the compositors go down stairs. We know then that the last form is on the press. The night editor invites me to follow him, and I go down under the pavement, where, in a very small room, two of Hoe's cylinder presses are throwing off sheets—one making four, the other six impressions. The editor hands me one of the damp papers, and, with "a good morning," goes to his hotel, while I sit on a pile of paper to read the result of the labor which, with brain and hand, has been going on around me during a night.

What is it? A sheet of eight pages, 44 by 32 inches, embracing $19\frac{1}{2}$ square feet, containing twenty-eight columns of reading matter, and twenty columns of advertisements. Of the reading matter twelve columns were written by the editors the day and night previous, ten columns probably after I entered the office. There are three columns of telegraph intelligence; six letters from correspondents; one of which was written in England, one in France, and one in Constantinople; the money, commercial, and shipping news occupies seven columns. I find in all one hundred and twenty-seven articles, the copy for which was principally in manuscript, and would

cover, in a fair hand, more than three hundred and fifty pages of foolscap.

Looking over my notes, I ascertain that by the Tribune one hundred and seventy-five persons are employed. The corps is divided as follows: Editor in chief; 10 assistants; 13 reporters; 33 correspondents; 1 publisher; 6 clerks; 1 foreman of composing-room; 7 assistant foremen; 32 regular compositors; 13 substitutes; 4 proof-readers; 4 office boys; 1 foreman press-room; 2 assistants; 10 press-feeders; 2 engineers; 3 wrapper-writers; 6 mail-room hands; 26 carriers—total, 175.

The Tribune being a joint-stock concern, owned by the men working in it, fifteen of the persons holding posts in the principal departments are proprietors. This is no place to speak of the advantages or disadvantages of the joint-stock system in conducting a newspaper; yet in this case it has been eminently successful.

It will be observed that more reporters than editors are employed. The city editor and his assistants occupy on an average about one-third of the paper. The labor performed by these men may be inferred from the fact that besides usual court, fire, hospital, criminal, and police news, there have been, in one week, seventy-eight meetings, dedications, lectures, anniversaries, etc., reported for this department of the Tribune. The severe and varied labor of the establishment is faithfully and promptly performed, because it is regulated by a system which gives every "hand," from the editor in chief to the office boys, a special department and a special duty to perform in it, for which he is well paid. A paper, or any business, in fact, that lays the least claim to prosperity, will always find that prosperity augmented in the employment of competent persons at good wages.

The advantages of this system, and the wisdom and independence which govern the conduct of the journal, are displayed in the fact that when the Tribune was twelve years old its circulation was—

Daily.....	21,500
California.....	5,080
European.....	240
Weekly.....	63,120
Semi-Weekly.....	6,300
Aggregate.....	96,240

The current expenses of the paper were then, as shown in this table:

EXPENSES FOR A WEEK IN APRIL, 1853.	
Paper.....	\$1,629 24
Type-setting.....	667 86
Other expenses.....	1,149 37
Total.....	\$3,446 47

The following is an interesting exhibit of the entire receipts of the establishment, for a portion

of 1853, as compared with the corresponding portion of the preceding year:

1852.		1853.	
W. and S. Weekly.	Receipts.	W. and S. Weekly.	Receipts.
To June 30.....	\$40,385 29	To June 30.....	\$54,819 80
To November 26.....	16,347 23	To November 26.....	31,230 92
Total.....	\$56,730 52	Total.....	\$86,050 81
Daily, to June 30.....	\$90,881 50	Daily, to June 30.....	\$94,004 16
Daily, to Nov. 26.....	69,005 94	Daily, to Nov. 26.....	80,804 94
Total.....	\$159,887 44	Total.....	\$174,809 10
The aggregate cash receipts of the Tribune establishment, from January 1, 1852, to November 26, in that year.....		\$216,617 96	
Do. for the corresponding portion of 1853.....		240,869 91	
Increase in 1853.....		\$24,241 95	

But in November, 1852, the expenses of the establishment had been \$14,677.57, while in November, 1853, they were \$20,808.85. This large increase had been occasioned by an enlargement of the size of the different editions of the Tribune, while for paper and type-setting required an additional annual expenditure of over \$60,000. The income of the establishment, though largely increased, did not justify this heavy expenditure, and the papers were reduced, after more than a year of trial, to their present size, which is greater than any other two-cent paper in New York, and not much less than the Courier and Enquirer, which is the largest daily paper in the world.

The value of a column of advertisements in the Daily Tribune, in 1853, was estimated at \$3,500 a year. The price of advertisements in the weekly was then fifty cents per line; in 1855 it was seventy-five cents; and now it is one dollar per line.

It will be borne in mind that the Tribune is sold to carriers and agents at the cost of white paper and ink; and, therefore, for profits and for the expense of editing, reporting, correspondence, telegraph, composition, etc., which was over one hundred thousand dollars in 1854, advertisements are alone relied upon. The Tribune is the first paper in the world which abandoned itself to this policy.

Its success, at least, in extended circulation has been remarkable. Observe the contrasts exhibited in the following table, for December 22, in the several years designated. They are strongly marked:

		1854.	1855.	Increase.
Copies circulated of Daily.....		27,000.....	29,500.....	2,500
Do. do. Semi-Weekly.....		12,300.....	15,250.....	2,950
Do. do. Weekly.....		112,080.....	140,500.....	28,420
Do. do. California, special edition.....		6,000.....	7,500.....	1,500
Do. do. European.....		500.....	500.....	
Total.....		157,940.....	193,250.....	35,310

The distribution of this vast number of copies of the Tribune is a matter of curious interest to the reader.

The following table shows to what states and countries they were sent, in 1855:

Maine.....	8,440	Ohio.....	18,410
New Hampshire.....	4,618	Michigan.....	10,734
Vermont.....	6,209	Indiana.....	7,692
Massachusetts.....	11,187	New York.....	61,272
Rhode Island.....	1,380	Wisconsin.....	2,240
Connecticut.....	6,860	New Jersey.....	3,540
Illinois.....	11,736	Pennsylvania.....	11,286
Iowa.....	4,384	California.....	8,290
Canada.....	2,044	Virginia.....	348
Delaware.....	147	Minnesota.....	1,089
Maryland.....	388	Oregon territory.....	340
Kentucky.....	411	Washington territory.....	48
Tennessee.....	144	Kansas territory.....	180
Missouri.....	388	Nebraska.....	66
Texas.....	148	Sandwich Islands.....	168
Georgia.....	34	Utah.....	31
North Carolina.....	36	New Mexico.....	14
South Carolina.....	43	Cherokee Nation.....	6
Alabama.....	94	District of Columbia.....	256
Mississippi.....	26	Florida.....	18
Nova Scotia.....	86	Louisiana.....	48
Europe.....	500	Arkansas.....	11
New Brunswick.....	140	South America.....	88

It will be observed that of all this circulation only a small proportion goes to the slave states. Indeed, it is but little more than *one-eightieth* part of the whole, or less than 2,600 copies in all.

The circulation of the weekly is now—June, 1856—165,000. The receipts by mail, for the weekly, were:

Week ending December 23, 1854.....	\$3,526 52
Week ending December 22, 1855.....	4,964 26
Increase.....	\$1,437 64

When, in the early part of 1856, the aggregate circulation of the different editions of the Tribune was, per week, 335,000 copies, an ingenious Frenchman made an interesting calculation concerning it, from which I will quote:

"Each journal presenting a surface of 1,408 square inches, the 335,000 would completely cover a field of 75 acres. Placed end to end, the 670,000 sheets—dividing each journal—printed in the course of a week, would form a covered way, 22 inches wide, reaching 338 miles. The journals of nine weeks, similarly united, would stretch from Liverpool to New York, or 3,042 miles. One of these papers weighs a little more than $1\frac{3}{4}$ ounces; the united weight of 335,000, distributed each week, is equal to sixteen tons seven hundred pounds, English.

"Supposing that the typographical contents of 335,000 papers were placed in a single line on a band of paper, the length of the paper ribbon would be 139,583 miles; and thus would be sufficiently long to go six times round the globe. The matter of the journals of these two weeks, arranged in the same way, is more than sufficient to unite the earth with the moon—237,000 miles; and it would require the Tribunes of but 13 years and 14 weeks to attain, to the immense distance which separates us from the sun—95,298,200 miles.

"Supposing that a person be capable of reading one of these journals in four hours, he would require 306 years to peruse the Tribune for a week, being occupied twelve hours a day. Otherwise, to accomplish this task in a day, there would have to be not less than 111,666 persons.

"In the French Bible there are about 4,460,000 letters or characters. In the 335,000 Tribunes we find about 128,640,000,000. There is then the matter of 28,714 Bibles issued in the form of journals from a single office every week.

"An octavo volume of 248 pages contains 628,000 letters. The Tribune furnishes in a week what would form 207,484 similar volumes. In *two weeks* this journal furnishes the matter of a library of similar volumes in number about equal to the collection of the British Museum; and in a *month* the same journal distributes the matter of a library of 829,936 volumes—a number about equaling that of the most famous collection of the world—the Imperial Library of Paris.

"If in place of the printing-press, we were obliged to have recourse to the ancient manner of writing to distribute the information which fills these 335,000 journals, it would be necessary to engage an army of 937,500 persons to accomplish their daily task; and one person would arrive at the same point in about 2,294 years, supposing him capable of even writing the contents of one of these journals in $2\frac{1}{2}$ days.

"One of Hoe's improved power-presses, tended by five or six persons, prints, or can print, these 335,000 journals in the space of *thirty-three and one-half hours*, at the rate of 10,000 an hour.

"Finally, in returning to the linear contents of the New York Tribune, which we have found to be equal in a week to 139,583 miles, and dividing it by the $33\frac{1}{2}$ hours, which the printing requires, we will see that the press reclothes the thought of many in a visible and intelligent form, at the rate of more than 69 miles each minute! Sixty-nine miles each minute, that is, 4,140 miles an hour—a hundred times the quickness of a locomotive on a well-conducted railway, and four times the quickness of the earth's revolution on its axis! In other words, the pen which writes word by word, that which the Tribune prints in $33\frac{1}{2}$ hours, would have to work at this task with a velocity which would make four times the circle of our globe in 24 hours!"

In view of these astonishing facts, the writer from whom I quote justly remarks that Victor Hugo was entirely right when he styled the printing-press the formidable locomotive of universal thought.

Let us recapitulate the growth of the Tribune's circulation:

CIRCULATION OF THE WEEKLY.	
1853.....	63,120
1854.....	112,080
1855.....	140,507
June, 1856.....	166,000
TOTAL CIRCULATION OF ALL EDITIONS.	
1853.....	95,240
1854.....	157,940
1855.....	193,250
Total increase—two years.....	98,010
Increase of weekly in less than three years.....	91,880

When I left the Tribune office, a little after six o'clock, about 28,000 copies had been printed. The last of the carriers were going out with their bundles, and the mailing men were closing up their work of sending off packages to the post-office and to the express offices. If all the papers which were then stricken off and dispatched over the city and county had been cut into strips the width of a column, the whole would have formed a line reaching from New York to Albany and back again, and it would have taken a locomotive press, traveling forty miles an hour, eight hours, to have printed the strip; but not only must these 28,000 papers be printed in less than half of that time—they must be folded and distributed to subscribers. Between five and six thousand receive it by mail. Their papers must be folded, enveloped in a wrapper, duly directed, and put in the post-office before six o'clock. Each wrapper was written the day previous. The mailing man has the wrappers before him, and with speed which comes by practice, he puts them around the papers. When more than one paper goes to an office he incloses the whole in a large wrapper, and pitches the bundle into a mail-bag. I took one out and found it directed to Buffalo. The mailing man did not look at the name. A clerk had arranged the wrappers the night previous, and the mailing man presumed they were "all right." Near the mailing man packages were put up for the express offices—the papers in each had to be counted, wrapped, labeled, and sent off—*none half a minute too late.*

Some of the carriers took 400, others as high as 1,200 papers; each bundle having to be counted, folded, and paid for with tickets purchased the night previous; then carried half a mile, a mile, a mile and a half, or two miles, and distributed in door-yards, under office doors, up-stairs, and down-stairs before seven o'clock, or indignant gentlemen and ladies anxious to read the news, complain bitterly, and threaten to stop the paper. Now, let indignant subscribers think sometimes what a task it has been to prepare and deliver their papers. We will not consider the writing and printing. We have twen-

ty-eight thousand papers in a pile. How many could the indignant subscriber fold in four hours? Not 500, I'm sure. So that it would require 140 subscribers to *fold* the edition in the time that it must be printed, counted, folded, and delivered. The rapidity with which men in New York will count papers is astonishing. The clerk stands before a pile of papers, wet from the press; he thrusts his left hand into it, and giving what he catches hold of a twist, turns up their edges, and runs the fingers of his right hand over them. He does not appear to count, only to measure with his fingers; but he supplies the eager carriers nearly as fast as any one of my readers could hand over parcels without counting them; and yet he rarely makes a mistake. Dexterity must belong to every man or boy who handles daily papers in a press-room. So dexterous do some of the boys become who fold, that one, on the morning of my visit, folded 1,400 in 62 minutes.

Attention, promptness, correctness, are requisites in every department of a daily newspaper. I have shown that a great deal of work must be done by a few men, in a very short space of time, chiefly during hours which by the great mass of the people are devoted to rest. No wonder newspaper men have care-worn looks—no wonder compositors die early! When we think what elements of character are required to make a successful editor, no wonder need we have that the editorial profession is winning recognition as an admirable school for the education of faculties much demanded in this go-ahead, off-hand, Yankee nation.

A GOOD MAN'S WISH.

I WOULD rather, when I am laid in the grave, that some one in his manhood should stand over me and say, "There lies one who was a real friend to me, and privately warned me of the dangers of the young; no one knew it, but he aided me in the time of need. I owe what I am to him." Or would rather have some widow, with choking utterance, telling her children: "There is your friend and mine. He visited me in my affliction, and found you, my son, an employer, and you, my daughter, a happy home in a virtuous family." I would rather that such persons should stand at my grave, than to have erected over it the most beautiful sculptured monument of Parian or Italian marble. The heart's broken utterance of reflections of past kindness, and the tears of grateful memory shed upon the grave, are more valuable in my estimation, than the most costly cenotaph ever reared.—*Dr. Sharp.*

LITTLE LEWIE.

BY REV. L. W. PECK.

THE moon shone through the night
 Upon the wave;
 A mother, watching from a height
 The billows lave,
 Awhile from fear of ill beguiled,
 Held in her arms a sportive child,
 And whispered as she fondly smiled—
 Little Lewie!

Thy father comes not! Gently! Hark!
 The bell doth say;
 Now glides the rapid river bark
 Like bird away.
 The boat-lamps glimmer on the billow,
 And through the branches of the willow
 He comes! and on his breast doth pillow
 Little Lewie.

Alas! how mournful come life's changes
 O'er every heart!
 Grief haunts the fields where pleasure ranges
 Never apart.
 That one short day, ah! who had thought
 Would such a fearful change have wrought,
 Disease to thee so deathly fraught—
 Little Lewie!

Drop the curtain! Moving slowly
 Around the room,
 Physician—stranger—whisper lowly
 Amid the gloom!
 Alas! now strewed with summer's flowers,
 As some lost child in forest bowers
 Sleeps on, unmindful of the hours—
 Little Lewie!

Weep not! though hope had fondly said,
 In darkening years,
 On that young arm should lean thy head
 Secure from fear;
 Never wilt thou be left alone,
 In mercy sent from Heaven's throne,
 Though each sad scene shall cheer thee on—
 Little Lewie!

And stronger now is he to aid,
 From yonder sky,
 Where God on beauty's brow hath laid
 Eternity!
 And when is passed your sorrow's night,
 Shall come to guide your heavenward flight,
 Foremost among the sons of light—
 Little Lewie!

O, sad the lot to mourn unblest;
 But Jesus saith
 That he will give the mourner rest
 From sin and death.
 'Tis done! 'tis past! the bolt hath riven,
 And yet this honor God hath given,
 That you should have a child in heaven
 Little Lewie.

MY SPIRIT-LUTE.

BY AMANDA T. JONES.

I HAVE a little spirit-lute,
 A lute that's all my own,
 Whose treasured melodies are heard
 By my fond heart alone.
 Yet others play that lute, and O!
 Of all I ever knew,
 None ever touched its golden chords
 But worthy friends, and true.
 And if I guard my spirit-lute
 From every touch profane,
 Never along its chords shall ring
 One sharp, discordant strain.
 To "Vinnie" one sweet chord I yield,
 And she can make, at will,
 The richest, *deepest* melody
 Along my heart-strings thrill
 And "Mae" can touch one golden string
 So sweetly and so well—
 "Mae," or an angel—which it is
 Sometimes I can not tell.
 And from my viewless spirit-lute
 One chord I love to lend
 To Ellen, dear, true-hearted girl,
 My loved and faithful friend.
 Jeannette, whose cheerful, winning smile
 Is yet undimmed by sadness,
 Can wake in my unquiet soul
 Sweet tones of hope and gladness.
 Dear, merry-hearted cousin, "Liss,"
 Can wake the *gayest* strain,
 And ease my weary, yearning heart
 Of more than half its pain.
 And like the light and dainty song
 Of some sweet wood-land fairy,
 Gushes the music of the chord
 That's played by gentle "Carrie."
 And there is one, shall nameless be,
 Whose lip in death is mute;
 Who used to make wild music o'er
 My viewless spirit-lute.
 And yet I have another friend,
 Whose name I can not tell;
 Nor know I in what distant clime
 My unknown friend doth dwell.
 But if my spirit tells aright,
 When my poor life is told,
 Then hand in hand my friend and I
 Shall walk the streets of gold.
 Then to that truest spirit-friend,
 I'll yield my spirit-lute;
 Eternally its strains shall blend,
 And not a chord be mute.

MEDITATION

May think down hours to moments. The heart
 May give most useful lessons to the head,
 And learning wiser grow without his books.

CLOISTER LIFE OF CHARLES THE FIFTH.

BY REV. G. COLLINS, D. D.

THE horse-leech hath two daughters, whose cry is ever, "Give, give." No cloy comes to their insatiate greed. Oriental figure finds these "daughters" in the master passions of the human breast, avarice and ambition. When have these passions ever been satisfied? When has the worshiper of mammon said, "It is enough," or cried "Peace," to the clamorous voices, which within are ever calling for addition to the golden heaps or extension to the fertile acres? Or when has the worshiper of power been sated by its enjoyment, or the hand accustomed to rule freely relinquished its grasp?

Philosophy, as well as religion, discourses upon the vanity of wealth and greatness; but philosophy, when it goes down into the chambers of the heart in quest of the secret energies which move the world, finds them working in obedience to laws and maxims not its own. Midas was a philosopher, as well as Aristotle, but with him philosophy was theory only and not practice. Midas talked philosophy, but it was philosophy for others, not for himself. Midas could see and discourse upon the blessings of contentment as well as Diogenes. But to Midas gold was the moving passion—the centripetal force which absorbed and drew all things to a common center, while philosophy was only a feeble sentiment—a sort of prismatic glass, through which things looked beautiful, perhaps, but unreal. And Midas still lives, reproduced forever in the generations of money-worshipers, which are found among all people and in all times. So with the Alexanders and Cæsars. Who does not love power? Who, capable of observation, can not see that this passion is among the first to be developed, and, at the same time, most permanent and prevailing in action? Philosophy discourses about it, and mourns over the miseries which it inflicts upon its possessor and upon mankind; yet the world refuses to be corrected by philosophy. Precept is easy, practice difficult. It is even more rare to find men sated with the enjoyment of power, and ready to surrender it, than to find the contented rich. The man who seeks refuge from the cares and disquietudes of wealth by voluntary impoverishment, is sometimes found, though a rare bird. But the man who voluntarily descends from the heights of power is more rare. But in this respect the world has suffered two astonishments—astonishments excited by the most illustrious examples—Diocletian, emperor of Rome, and Charles the Fifth, emperor of Germany.

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These notable examples redeem human nature from the reproach of universal selfishness. Diocletian, in the full tide of success, after a reign of twenty-one years, having triumphed over his enemies and accomplished all his designs, voluntarily resigned the rule of the world and became a private man. So thoroughly was he satisfied with power, that no lingering wish for its recovery seems ever to have disturbed his retirement. In his retreat at Salona, his well-balanced mind found general employment in building, planting, and gardening; pursuits which cultivate virtuous reflection, and, at the same time, give exercise to taste. When solicited by Maximian, his old friend and colleague, to reassume the reins of authority and the imperial purple, he is said to have rejected the temptation with a smile of pity, calmly remarking that "if he could show Maximian the cabbages which he had planted with his own hands at Salona, he should no longer be urged to relinquish the enjoyment of happiness for the pursuits of power." But Diocletian occupies a point in history so distant from our time that the influence of his example seems lost in struggling through the media of intervening ages.

In the case of Charles the Fifth, the "Cæsar" of modern times, we feel a lively interest. His heart we know throbbed in unison with modern feeling. He was a man of like passions with ourselves. We wish to know how one like us—one so filled with "vaulting ambition," which is ever "o'erleaping" itself in its grasp for power, should so give the lie to the maxima of philosophy as, of his own free will, to abdicate the authority which for twenty-eight years he had held with dignity, and surrender to others a scepter which neither age, infirmity, or enemies had yet caused to tremble in his hand.

Charles's abdication, says Robertson, "filled Europe with astonishment," and this astonishment, no doubt, was the exact measure of each man's estimate of the value of the prize which he had surrendered, and of the violence to human nature which was involved in the act. Not that any absolute law denies to royalty the privilege of laying aside an oppressive crown, or of seeking refuge from the clouds of adulation which heartless sycophancy offers to elevated place; but because both adulation and power are so congenial to the heart, that to reject them marks the ascendancy of feelings which are so uncommon as to seem unnatural. Accordingly historians have accounted for his act by referring it to a variety of causes. Some have ascribed it to mortified ambition and consequent disgust of

the world. Some see in it only the consciousness of falling power, and the timely retreat which pride makes before impending ruin. Others refer it to necessity forced upon him by the political combinations in which he was involved; and still others insinuate that his mind had "lost the stirrups," the infirmity which the redoubtable squire of Don Quixotte ascribed to his master. None of these motives, however, can, with justice, be ascribed to him; least of all those which impute a want of power to cope with the difficulties of his position.

"He was," says Sterling, "the greatest monarch of the memorable sixteenth century. The vast extent of his dominions in Europe, the wealth of his transatlantic empire, the sagacity of his mind, and the energy of his character, combined to render him the most famous of the successors of Charlemagne. Pre-eminently the man of his time, his name is seldom wanting to any monument of the age. He stood between the days of chivalry, which were going out, and the days of printing, which were coming in; respecting the traditions of the one and fulfilling many of the requirements of the other. Men of the sword found him a bold cavalier, and those whose weapons were their tongues or their pens, soon learned to respect him as an astute and consummate politician. Like his ancestors, Don Jayml, or Don Sancho, with lance in rest, and shouting Santiago for Spain! he led his knights against the Moorish host, among the olives of Goleta; and even in his last campaign in Saxony, the cream-colored genet of the emperor was ever in the van of battle, like the famous piebald charger of Turenne, in the later fields of the Palatinate."

He was undoubtedly the greatest monarch in any age remarkable for the production of great men. It was the age of Luther, Zuingle, Melancthon, Erasmus—of Henry the Eighth, of England, Francis the First, of France, and Solyman the Magnificent, of Coligny, Guise, and Savoy. His abdication, therefore, presents itself to our admiration untainted by the suspicion of weakness, and with all the luster which belongs to a voluntary act. In other cases weakness has sought refuge in this divestiture of power, because the scepter could no longer be retained, or ambition, baffled in its schemes of wickedness, has been forced to an inglorious surrender; but in the case of Charles, he parted with nothing which might not as easily have been retained. Remarkable as was this abdication of authority, we see no reason for ascribing it to motives inconsistent with the soundness of either his head or heart. His natural turn of mind was thoughtful,

devotional, and tinged with melancholy. Impressed with a conviction of the vanity of earthly greatness, and, admonished by the experiences of every day, that the "divinity which doth hedge a king is but a bowing wall and tottering fence," he had long cherished the purpose of retiring from the cares of state, and seeking in the quiet of private life those tranquil enjoyments which he had vainly sought upon the throne. It is certain, indeed, that this resolution was formed many years before it was carried into effect. His empress, Isabella, of Portugal, died in 1538; but with her he had agreed that so soon as state affairs and the ages of their children would permit, they would retire for the remainder of their days—he into a convent of friars, and she into a nunnery. This resolution was not carried into effect till the 25th of October, 1555. On this day commenced that series of abdications by which Charles divested himself successively of his different dominions.

The place selected for his retreat was the province of Estramadura, in Spain, in one of whose delightful valleys was the Jeromite convent of Yuste. The reasons which guided him to select Yuste have never been satisfactorily explained. But walled in as the valley of the Vera is by lofty sierras on the north, and watered with abundant streams, possessing also a mild climate, a rich soil, and perpetual verdure; being famous also for its wine, oil, chestnuts, and citrons, for its magnificent timber, its deer, bears, wolves, and all other animals of the chase, as well as the delicate trout, which peopled its mountain waters, there seems to have been a combination of attractions, well suited for the residence of this modern Diocletian. For rural sport Charles, in his youth, had acquired a remarkable fondness—a fondness, however, which he seldom found time to indulge after the cares of government fell upon his shoulders. He now resolved to devote the small remnant of life to employments congenial with his tastes, to abandon forever the schemes of ambition, and, amid the quiet of a cloister, to avail himself of its spiritual aid in preparing for his descent to the tomb.

His household establishment at Yuste was organized with studious regard to simplicity. The "palace," as the monks were pleased to call it, which was erected for the use of the emperor, was a modest building of four rooms only on the floor, and two stories in height, and his household consisted in all of but sixty persons. The confidential attendants who composed his "chamber," were only sixteen in number. "His apartments," says Sandoval, "when prepared for his reception,

seemed rather to have been newly pillaged by the enemy, than for a great prince; the walls were bare, except in his bedchamber, which was hung with black cloth; the only valuables in the house were a few pieces of plate of the plainest kind; his dress, always black, was usually very old, and he sat in an old arm-chair, and not worth four reals." It may be doubted, however, whether this description does not convey too strong an idea of Charles's asceticism. The pomp and ceremony of state had become irksome, and in his conventual retreat, his purpose undoubtedly was to maintain the style of a private gentleman merely. But no one can believe that he denied himself the necessary comforts and conveniences of life. Another account, on the contrary, represents his provision in these respects as most ample. Of gold and silver plate he had upward of thirteen thousand ounces, and he washed his hands in silver basins with water poured from silver ewers. It was the third day of February, 1557, that witnessed his removal to the convent, and his formal domiciliation as a member of its community.

It is one thing, however, to lay aside a crown, and quite another for age to address itself to the formation of new habits, and bring the heart into subjection to new laws. The *body* of Charles was among the Jeromite friars; but a mind so accustomed to the direction of public affairs, could not so easily drop them from its grasp. The blasts of war, which were still sounding in his ears, stiffened his sinews as in the days of his youth, and summoned up his blood even in the solitude of the cloister. He could not refrain from interposing his authority as heretofore, and the administration of the feeble-minded and prudent Philip felt the vigor of his father's counsels while he lived. The decrees that went forth from the convent were scarcely less imperial than those which before had thundered from the camp and the throne.

Charles had always ruled himself to simple and regular habits, and these accorded well with the monotony of his new mode of life. In the following paragraph of Sterling we have a daguerreotype of this dull routine:

"Every morning father Regla appeared at his bedside to inquire how he had passed the night, and to assist him in his private devotions. He then rose and was dressed by his valets, after which he heard mass, going down when his health permitted it into the church. According to his invariable custom, which in Italy was said to have given rise to the saying, *della messa, alla messa*—from mass to mess—he went from these

devotions to dinner about noon. The meal was long, for his appetite was voracious; his hands were so disabled with gout that carving, which he nevertheless insisted on doing for himself, was a tedious process; and even mastication was slow and difficult, his teeth being so few and far between. The physician attended him at table, and at least learned the causes of the mischief which his art was to counteract. The patient, while he dined, conversed with the doctor on matters of science, generally of natural history; and if any difference of opinion arose, father Regla was sent for to settle the point out of Pliny. The cloth being drawn, the confessor usually read aloud from one of the emperor's favorite divines, Augustine, Jerome, or Bernard, an exercise which was followed by conversation and an hour of slumber. At three o'clock the monks were mustered in the convent to hear a sermon delivered by one of the imperial preachers, or a passage read by Fray Bernardo de Salinas from the Bible, frequently from the Epistle to the Romans, the book which the emperor preferred. To these discourses or readings Charles always listened with profound attention; and if sickness or business compelled him to be absent, he never failed to send a formal excuse to the prior, and to require from his confessor an account of what had been preached or read. The rest of the afternoon was devoted to seeing the official people from court or to the transaction of business with his secretary."

Thus passed away the retirement of the royal recluse. His leisure hours he sometimes passed in shooting pigeons which perched among the venerable chestnuts of Yuste—sometimes in feeding his pet birds or wandering in his gardens, giving directions for the cultivation of vegetables, or in sauntering among the trees and lounging in a favorite little summer-house which looked out upon the Vera. A portion of his leisure he gave to the workshop of Forriano, a skillful mechanician, whom he had brought with him to his retreat. Charles seems to have possessed a natural taste for mechanics. He was fond of watches and clocks, and curious in reckoning to a fraction the hours of his retired leisure. An astronomical clock, commenced by Forriano, was designed not only for the ordinary duties of a clock, but to tell the days of the months and year, and to denote the movements of the planets. He also constructed a self-acting mill, which, though small enough to be hid in a friar's sleeve, could grind two pecks of corn in a day; and the figure of a lady who danced on the table to the sound of her own tambourine. Other puppets and toys

were made by Torriano, which at first scared the poor prior out of his wits, and for a time gained for the artificer the dangerous fame of a wizard—a fame which might have procured for him the splendid ceremonial of an *auto da fe*, had not his relations to the emperor been his protection.

In these employments the "descendant of the Cæsars" passed his time, enjoying, perhaps, as much of happiness as falls to the lot of ordinary private men. Indeed, if contrast gives a zest to enjoyment, it is reasonable to suppose him the happiest of mortals. It has been said, indeed, that he was wont to declare that he had enjoyed at Yuste more real happiness in one day than all his triumphs had afforded. This assertion, though extravagant, is no doubt much nearer the truth than the idle tale that his retirement was a long repentance of his abdication. No evidence remains that that act, which so excited the admiration of the world at the time of its occurrence, was ever afterward regretted.

During this residence, however, short as it was, things occurred in the conduct of Charles, marking changes in his character and feelings, which, to the philosophic mind, afford a mournful lesson. It seems, indeed, a law of the mind, that its soundness and healthy condition can be preserved only by exercise. The contrast between his present and former state was so marked that those mighty energies which, till now, had kept all Europe in a stir, found at Yuste comparatively no employment. Great minds, in part at least, are the creation of circumstances. Made by Providence the centers of great spheres of influence and action, the feeble faculties unfold and acquire strength in the very labors which the necessities of their position impose upon them. Like the blacksmith's arm, it is not the muscle wholly that gives the ability to strike, nor the blow wholly that causes the development of muscle; but the action and reaction of the one upon the other, causing both limb and blow to keep pace with each other in their growth. Charles possessed a mind which expanded under the pressure of his high position, and the burdens which it forced him to carry, gave the strength by which he was enabled to carry them with dignity and grace. The excitement of great cares and enterprises was the element which lifted his mind to the level of his position. When this excitement was withdrawn the natural consequence was collapse. His mighty genius, which had made him a match in the cabinet, the field, or on the throne for the mightiest minds of his age, when deprived of its accustomed element, shrank to the level of pet birds, cabbages, toys,

clocks, and monkish beads and ceremonies. The story which is told of his celebrating his own obsequies is true. On the 30th of August, 1558, as the monkish historian relates, this celebrated service was actually performed. Not satisfied with his burial to the world in the cloisters of the convent, he wished to witness, with his own eyes, the solemn pageant, and listen to the chants and prayers of his own funeral. It was the conceit of ambitious senility eager to witness for himself what the living only see for the dead—the solemn pomp and state which he desired should dignify his descent to the tomb. "Let my sepulture be so ordered," said the will of Charles, "that the lower half of my body lie beneath, and the upper half before the high altar, that the priest who says mass may tread upon my head and my breast." It is said also that five years before he had caused his coffin to be made, with a winding-sheet and other furniture of the tomb. These he kept in his bedroom, and looked at them nightly before retiring to rest.

But the degeneracy of a noble mind was perhaps more painfully marked by the change which his feelings underwent in the convent in reference to religious matters. Though always a true Catholic, yet the *odium theologicum* of the ecclesiastics never found a place in his heart till his residence with the monks. Notwithstanding the clamors of the Pope and priest, he adhered to his word in the case of Luther. No casuistry was artful enough to cause him to break it, and his sense of humanity and religion was sufficient to prevent his entering upon those crusades of persecution for religion's sake that were characteristic of the times. But at Yuste, while looking back upon the religious troubles of his reign, it was his regret that he had not treated Luther to the same fare which was received by Huss and Jerome, of Prague. "He had spared him," he said, "on account of his pledged word, which, indeed, he would have been bound to respect in any case which concerned his own authority alone; but he now saw that he had greatly erred in preferring the obligation of a promise to the higher duty of avenging upon that archheretic his offenses against God." To make amends, therefore, for his past unfaithfulness, he assumed the self-imposed penance of instigating his son Philip to those bloody persecutions which so effectually crushed out the spirit of Protestantism in Spain. From his holy zeal the fires of the Inquisition received their fuel. Talking one day on this subject with the prior of Yuste, said he, "Father, if any thing could drag me from

this retreat, it would be to aid in chastising these heretics. For such creatures as those now in prison, however, this is not necessary; but I have written to the Inquisition to *burn them all*, for none of them will ever become good Catholics, or are worthy to live!"

To the King of Spain he wrote as follows: "Son, the black business which has risen here has shocked me as much as you can think or suppose. You will see what I have written about it to your sister. It is essential that you write to her yourself, and that you take all the means in your power to cut out the root of the evil with rigor and rude handling. But since you are better disposed, and will assist more warmly than I can say or wish, I will not enlarge further thereon.

"Your good father, CHARLES."

But no retreat is safe from invasion. There was an enemy already on the track of the hoary persecutor from whose shafts the robes of royalty are no protection. Rendered infirm beyond his years by gout, a disease which had long preyed upon him, and also by his luxurious habits of living, he was attacked with fever in consequence of some slight exposure on the 31st of August, and on the 21st of September his spirit passed to its dread account. His age was fifty-eight years, six months, and twenty-five days. No monarch of modern times made his influence, while he lived, more widely felt; but clouds of fanaticism, bigotry, and blood obscured the luster of his setting sun.

THE SHEPHERD AT SEA.

ON a summer's evening a shepherd, from a little eminence, beheld the adjacent sea; the winds were hushed, the waves had lost their motion; at a little distance he perceived boats and vessels, which seemed in perfect security to sport upon the surface. Struck with the novelty of the appearance, he forgot all he had heard of the deceitful ocean; he exchanged his flock for merchandise, and embarked before he repented his rashness. A sudden storm arose; the sea, no longer serene, assumed the appearance of an enraged enemy, and threatened him with death in every wave. In fine, he lost his bark, he lost his goods; and it was beyond his hopes that, half drowned and fainting, he himself escaped alive to land. He became wise by his misfortune, and gladly returned to the life of a shepherd. The next time he saw the sea, it was again smooth as at first; "but," said he, "it is in vain to deceive me again; I will not suffer a second shipwreck."

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

BY MRS. BITHIA B. LEAVITT.

THE TRIAL.

"JUST and equal are all His ways;" can this be true?" A crystal fell upon the pale cheek; it rested there as a dew-drop on the lily, and ere it was brushed away another and another followed, till the whole face was bathed in intense emotion. For a few moments it seemed to sweep through the frame with uncontrolled and uncontrollable power. The fragile form bent beneath its weight, and not till the sound of merry voices in the distance swelled upon the air did the mother summon sufficient strength to subdue the excitement by which she was overwhelmed. Apparent calmness was restored as a bright little face peered through the window; a second, a third, a fourth followed—all were talking together—all were eager to be the first "to tell mamma something." A quick, sharp pang darted through the parent's heart, but again the thought—just and equal are all His ways—not in the form of skeptical inquiry, but with the assurance of Christian faith, as quickly brought relief. Smiles wreathed the lip into sweetness; love threw its rosy radiance over the pale features, and in a comparatively cheerful tone she exclaimed, "Ah, there you are, my little darlings, happy as birds! what is this great something?"

"Why," said Louey, her face all lighted up with enthusiasm, "why, papa says we may have a picnic as soon!"

"Yes, just to think, a picnic," interrupted Charles, a lad of eight years, springing through the window with one bound, and waving his cap around, then tossing it into the corner, "a real picnic, mamma. Just to think, we're going to have plenty of cakes, *real* cakes, I mean—cakes from the confectioner's—none of your poor, plain stuff that Barbara makes for us children"—and however much at other times Charley's hungry palate may have craved the poor, plain stuff, the lip just then curled with ineffable disdain—"yes, cakes, and oranges, and lemons for lemonade, *just to think*, and so many nice things, and, mamma!"—The little fellow was breathless, and of necessity yielded to his sisters to make further communications.

"And, mamma," continued Mattie, "we are to invite some of our friends, and we are going to learn something to say; of course we'll say something very pretty—something that will please you; for papa says we may make our own *selections*," and Mattie looked as if she thought she had used a big word. "O when will you go,

dear mamma?" and all the children pressed up more closely to catch the answer, not excepting little Belle, who, though she did not receive the full import of "picnic," sagaciously concluded it must be something very pleasant, if associated with cakes and oranges.

"O, very soon, I hope!"—a strange light looked from the eye, and a kind of spasm passed across the countenance, but the heart breathed upward. "Warm, balmy spring will soon come, and then—but you know, my little dears, your father can take you if I am too un—"

"O no, no, dearest mother!" broke in all the young voices, "we can not go without you! What! you stay at home to be sick, and we all trying to enjoy ourselves?" and at the bare thought of it little Mattie nestled closer to her beloved parent, Louey affectionately kissed and held her hand, gazing intently upon the pale face. Even a half tear started to Charley's roguish eye, and the little one of two summers perceiving a shadow flitting by climbed upon her mother's lap, gently stroked her face, exclaiming in softest tones, "Little soft hand is on your face!" The children laughed at her personal compliment, and the invalid seized the moment for dispersing the feeling of sadness that seemed to have stolen over them.

In a little time they were again upon the lawn, engaged, with heart and body, in the mysteries of "hide and seek." Ever and anon a hearty laugh rung from the party as a little head peeped from behind a tree, or one more courageous essayed in vain to glide stealthily from one nook of concealment to another. Mrs. Romaine listened to their wild delight with mournful pleasure. She clasped her hands imploringly, and the prayer broke from her lips, "O, my Father, spare me to my children!"

"Mary!"—she raised her head—a half-reproachful look met her eye—"dearest, *you could* do without me; but what will become of *them*?" and the trembling finger pointed to the lawn.

"Look at that oak," she continued; "it has been rifted by God's thunderbolt; it lies prostrate, and soon, O I know not how soon, shall I be laid lower than that shattered oak!" Her head rested upon her husband's shoulder, and a mother's heart poured forth a mother's tears. He clasped her hand with affectionate tenderness, held it in silence till the burst of feeling had subsided, and then, all unmindful of his own stricken heart, endeavored to whisper words of comfort.

"Let us try and hope on, my Mary. It is, indeed, a bitter trial—a fiery furnace; but, O, if we trust unwaveringly in His promise, shall not

the Son of God quench the flames! We can not fathom the mysteries of Providence. O that we could *believe* that he is just and equal in all his ways! Dear Mary, what is left us but to trust the promises, the very same promises that for years have sustained your spirit and given you comfort?"

"Yes, yes; if I lose my faith I indeed lose my all; but, O dearest, what grace I need to resign all care for those little ones!" Her eye sought the lawn, and she again burst into tears.

"And you have it, Mary?"

"Frequently, yes, generally; yet I fear sometimes it may desert me when most needed. My heart is so weak and treacherous."

"Never, never, I am certain of it," in a confident tone reassured the trembling faith of the wife, and from that day it reigned triumphant. The picnic was never consummated; for though Death muffled his steps he hastened onward. He stood above his victim, pointed his dart, claimed his prey. But in that last, last hour, when the best loved one kneeled at the bedside, all quivering with the anguish which a heart torn from itself only can experience; when Louey pressed the mother's lip and passionately declared she should not die; when Charles, their only boy, asked in thrilling tones her own thrilling question, "O! what will become of us?" when, too, the gentle, the affectionate Mattie, with streaming eyes and choking voice, exclaimed, "O, mamma, you have always told us God was good! Is God good? can God be good? God isn't good to make our mother die;" ay, when, too, the little one, the lamb of the fold, the nursing, sent forth its piteous bleatings as death threw its shadow of indescribable horror over the little circle, then, in this hour of others' agony, was the mother's victory most complete. The angel of the covenant stood by. He strengthened—he upheld—he caused that mother to sublimely triumph over every fear of the future for herself and her heart-pierced family. Justly exalted is the all-important sphere of woman; justly celebrated the deep, abiding, tender love that is ever welling up in pure and living streams from a mother's heart, unknown to him who, in name, may sway the family. Yes, he may hold the scepter of power in his hand, but the crown of influence sits on woman's brow, proclaiming her the presiding genius of every domestic circle, the tutelary deity of every heart, and deeply, darkly mysterious to human understanding is that providence that removes her. Clouds and darkness are round about Him: righteousness and judgment are the habitation of His throne.

THE WEDDING.

Time winged away to eternal climes. Louey had passed through the remnant of childhood, the term of school days, the young ladyhood of "a young lady," and now certain signs of bustling in Mr. Romaine's household showed that something more than ordinary occupied the minds of the family. "Aunt Henny," an only and maiden sister, who, with affectionate kindness, had taken the care of her brother's orphan children, might be seen flitting hither and thither from garret to cellar, now searching closets "to see if they were really clean," then peeping into this room, then into that, "to look for herself, for she would trust nobody." Who, indeed, was or could be as particular as Aunt Henny? No dark corner secreted any thing from her eagle gaze. No remote closet gathered the dust or favored the negligence of servants. To sum up, Aunt Henny was a thorough housekeeper—thorough in every sense of the word—thorough in sweeping, thorough in dusting, thorough in searching into every crack and crevice of the house. Parlors and kitchen, garrets and cellars alike underwent the scrutinizing gaze of her keen, gray eyes. One sentence seemed ever on her lips while passing through her daily investigations, "Do be thorough." Under her oft-repeated exhortation every body was incited to neatness, and at the present period she seemed herself to have received fresh inspiration to be thorough.

Thus she went flitting about, now counting over napkins, spoons, forks, etc., then looking over glass and china, till at length, satisfied with her perambulations, she sat down with paper and pencil to make her memoranda. Very busy seemed Aunt Henny's mind. "Well, let me see; O yes!" followed by certain energetic marks, frequently called forth a jest from Mattie and Charles, who dearly loved to laugh at his aunt's funny habit of thinking her matters to other people.

A certain sensitive consciousness on the part of "our eldest," who also sat with pencil in hand, betrayed some degree of interest. Even Mr. Romaine, upon whose fine features grief had long since left its impress, seemed to breathe forth a more cheerful spirit. "Well, daughter," said he, throwing aside his paper and addressing Louey, "what long list is that you are jotting down? I thought most of your paraphernalia was purchased and all things in readiness."

"Not quite, papa," replied the young lady with a half-embarrassed air, "not quite. I can not give up"—

"Your liberty?"

"O no, not that; but you know, papa, Mr. Replere has a large circle of acquaintance, and, papa, I can not easily relinquish the desire to give invitations for"—Louey cast down her eyes, for she felt an expression of pain was crossing her father's countenance. A silence ensued. Mr. Romaine bent his head upon his hand, and seemed in deeper reflection than Louey thought the subject demanded. "She said nothing, however, but wondered what papa could be thinking of—it was not such a very great thing to have a party. Aunt Henny quietly waited an opportunity to put in a word of approval for her niece, and Charles and Mattie, fearing they scarcely knew what, gave each other an intelligible look and slipped from the room.

"Father is so old-fashioned; do you think he will consent?" whispered Charley as they got without hearing.

"Hush! he looked pained," replied Mattie in as low a tone, "and I am sorry Louey wants the party."

"O nonsense! father will like it well enough if he only thinks so. The idea of our sister getting married and going off like a nobody! It's absurd."

"Better than to cause papa suffering."

"Yes; but he'll have to get used to society. You and Belle are not going to be mewed up here and never see any body. Dear me! you'll soon be Miss Romaine, party or no party, won't you? And then what an assumption of importance we'll see."

"Not necessarily—Louey isn't arrogant."

"O no! it is natural for her to be Miss Romaine; but you have only been Miss Mattie"—

"And I—I have been nothing but 'little Belle' all my life!" exclaimed a beautiful young creature, bounding into the room.

"Never mind, sis, you'll soon be promoted; but your coming honor will require more dignity than you can muster, I guess, putting the *Miss Romaine* out of all calculation. O I shall laugh outright to hear you introduced as *Miss Belle*, and see you assume a modest, demure look—a look of 'such perfect propriety,'" and Charley already executed his threat of laughing outright. The rosy lip pouted, and exclaiming with a sarcastic smile,

"Well, I hope—vain hope, perhaps, but I do hope that you will have the dignity of a man sometime," the young girl darted from them and entered the sitting-room.

"What makes you all so quiet? O Louey, here's your list for your party, is it? A goodly

number, I declare—one, two, three, ten, fifty, one hundred, two, three. Why, Louey, you have every body here."

"Nonsense," said Aunt Henny, who was rejoiced at the interruption of a silence that was becoming somewhat oppressive. "Nonsense, Louey has put down only such as must be invited. But your father has not yet given his consent," she added, looking inquiringly toward her brother.

"Yes, I give my consent; I see preparations are already in progress."

The invitations were issued; the evening came. Brilliant lights were there; music was there; the guests were there. There was the bride in her veil; there the elegant groom. Aunt Henny, as ever, flitted about no longer the thorough house-keeper, but now the tastefully attired and polished hostess. Charles and Mattie together whispered their criticisms and comments upon people and things, and little Belle trembled with an inexplicable fear as she saw her sister standing before so many, and at length heard her pronounced a wife. One face wore a look of sadness; one heart ached in its solitude. A vision passed before him—a lovely vision of other years. His Mary stood beside him—his bride—his wife. Swiftly and sweetly had the years slipped by, and as each golden link strengthened the chain which bound the two hearts, O how anxious were they that these might be ever kept undimmed by worldly rust, and adorn their crown before the eternal throne!

Another vision followed—the ashy lip, the struggling voice, the death couch, the rigid brow, the locked hands, the fixed eye—his Mary's form, but the spirit fled. The manly frame quivered with emotion. And still the scene changed. His little family in their early years passed before the father. Simple in their habits, unostentatious in their style of living; now he beheld them gay in their apparel, worldly in their principles, absorbed and eager to be absorbed with worldly pleasures. The father groaned in spirit as he thought of the mother's prayers. "O," asked he, with an almost failing faith, "have they entered the ear of the Most High and yet been lost? She wept, prayed, believed for them to be Christians—where is the answer to her faith? O Mary! Mary! mother of my children, why were you taken from my arms? why snatched from your little ones? Had you lived it had not been thus."

A gentle voice seemed to fall upon his ear. "Be still and know that I am God;" "Just and equal are all my ways;" "My grace was sufficient

for her; my grace shall sustain thee." The father inclined his ear to the soothing words, comfort flowed to his heart, and the spirit returned to the scenes around him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HOPE.

BY REV. F. S. CASSADY.

"Eternal hope! When yonder spheres sublime
Pealed their first notes to sound the march of time,
Thy gorgeous youth began, but not to fade,
When all thy sister planets have decayed;
When wrapt in flames the realms of ether glow,
And heaven's last thunder shakes the world below,
Thou, undismayed, shalt o'er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile."

HOPE is a compound principle, formed of expectation and desire. There may be expectation without desire, or desire without expectation, and yet no hope indulged, because the two must be united before we can be said to hope.

Human life, uncheered by the sunshine, and unbrightened by the radiance of hope, would, indeed, be a labyrinth of sorrow, dark and painful. Life would be an insupportable burden without the angel-presence of hope—glorious and bright-starred hope. And Deity has very wisely planted this divine principle in the human heart, that we may rise superior to all the sorrows and disappointments of this ever-changing life, and be continually rejoiced to realize that "the eternal God is our refuge and underneath are the everlasting arms."

When storms howl in fury over heads and clouds of sorrow darken the brightness of our sky, hope bids the angry storms to cease, and gently spans the overhanging cloud with the rainbow of peace and joy. Thank kind Heaven for hope! It sweetens pain, assuages grief, removes sorrow, dissipates fear, triumphs over death, and introduces the blood-washed spirit to the bliss and immortality of heaven. The poet may well say:

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
Man never is, but always to be, blest:
The soul, uneasy and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates on a life to come."

May its sweet sunshine ever cheer the heart of each reader of the Repository, and when life's cares and sorrows are o'er, may all of us share in its happy fruition forever!

TIMES of general calamity have ever been productive of the greatest minds. The purest ore is produced from the hottest furnace, and the brightest thunderbolt is elicited from the darkest storm.

CHARACTER.

BY REV. E. THOMSON, D. D.

CHARACTER differs from reputation; the one depends upon the man, the other upon the public; the former denotes the moral characteristics of a person, the latter the estimate which is placed upon him by others. They are far from coinciding. Through public misapprehension a man of good character may be odious, and a man of bad character honored. Time, however, is a great corrective; as the world grows wiser, and the characters of the great are more studied, and the influences of passion, and faction, and interest cease to throw their shadows upon them, they are better understood: witlings, pretenders, poetasters, and time-servers sink into merited oblivion or contempt, while men of genius, learning, industry, and integrity come into deserved eminence and glory.

A good name is desirable. The wise man tells us that it is "rather to be chosen than great riches;" the preacher assures us that it is "better than precious ointment." As a means of usefulness and a source of happiness it should be sought as long as it may be innocently—no further—when conscience requires we should be as ready to sacrifice our good name as our worldly goods. Nor need we at any time seek reputation anxiously. A man who is upright and judicious will sooner or later find himself in good repute; the world is full of eyes, each beaming with deep and penetrating intelligence, and it will scarce fail to trace one's words and actions to proper sources. Art, accident, partiality, or some quality rather showy than substantial, may win a name; but this is a mere flatus voice—a puff of empty air, not worth having: solid reputation rests upon real merit, and can be acquired only by a good life, valuable services, or extraordinary attainments. It is very difficult to raise a man above his proper level in the public estimation, or depress him below it. A quack, a charlatan, a pretender, may spread his name abroad among the ignorant multitude; but where there are no "deeds of brave renown," neither "historic urns," nor "breathing statues," nor "speaking busts" shall ever rise.

As a general rule it is safe to let our reputation come of itself, as come it will, sooner or later. We should, however, do nothing to injure it unnecessarily.

But *character* is a different thing, and requires a different treatment. Many, indeed, there are who seem indifferent to their own character. They think that it is the result of accident; that

it is owing entirely to external forces. We grant that much depends on these forces, but not all: the oak depends greatly on climate, and soil, and sunshine, and shower; but these, after all, do but develop what was concealed in the acorn. Is it reasonable to suppose that circumstances can do more for *humanity* than it does for *vegetation*? This would be to suppose that man is less than a vegetable. Many parents appear to comfort themselves with the hope that circumstances will correct errors and weaknesses in the character of their children. Age, we grant, cools the passions, ripens the experience, and matures the reason; but these circumstances are resisted by vicious habits and vicious principles, which time is constantly strengthening. "Let him go on," cries the foolish counselor, in reference to the young idler or rake, "he is sowing his wild oats. He will learn better by and by." "Let him go on," cries another, "It is but temporary; none of his kindred are so; he will ere long erect himself." Vain hope! The worst men have issued from the best families, as the best have issued from the worst families—the one having nothing to boast but their descent, the other but their ascent. "Let him go on," cries a third, "he may be converted after a while." Grace does, indeed, change the heart, but it merely sanctifies: it does not confer capacities, or attainments, or habits, or change their results. It does not alter predominant disposition, or intellectual or social characteristics or tendencies.

Character depends upon the man himself. As a man determines within himself to be, so, as a general rule, he is. Many ascribe to nature what is due to volition, because they overlook the volitions most influential in the formation of character; namely, those of childhood. Hannibal, when but seven years old, received at the altar that influence which made him the terror of Rome and the greatest general of his age. Bonaparte, in his infancy, acquired and developed his military taste and characteristics. Benjamin West, when a child, thought within himself that he would be a painter, and at seven years of age he succeeded in sketching a babe sleeping in its cradle. He soon after, having obtained some red and yellow colors of the Indians, and some indigo of his mother, and making a brush of the bristles of a cat, commenced those efforts which finally placed him in the first rank of historic painters. Ferguson began his astronomical observations while a shepherd's boy; watching his flocks he watched also the stars, and with a string and bead determined with accuracy their positions. Handel, while yet

a child, determined to be a musician. He displayed musical talent before he was eight years old. At that early period he was accustomed to steal at night into a remote apartment, when the rest of the family was wrapt in slumber, and practice upon the harpsichord. But time would fail to speak of Edwards, and Fisk, and Wesley, and Wellington—indeed, of the whole catalogue of distinguished minds, for these are but fair examples of a general rule.

A strong volition, formed in early life, has more power than any subsequent ones; and this is what we might expect, for the mind is then most impressible; and this affords encouragement and admonition to parents. Mothers, breathe into your sons a noble spirit, a righteous determination before they leave your knees. Then, should you go to an early grave, you go with hope that though you may leave orphans they will live and die men; for the impulse of early life goes forward to the last hour. Napoleon died dreaming that he was at the head of his army. Randolph died with a verbal criticism on his lips. Handel, Haydn, Mozart, all died lapped in their own sweet music.

Michael Angelo, that greatest of artists, was wont, even in his old age, to muse in the Coliseum. Cardinal Farnese once finding him here, expressed his surprise that he should wander solitary amid the ruins, whereupon the old man replied, "I go yet to school that I may continue to learn." When at last he dies he is sculpturing Death upon his fancy.

Tell me not of circumstances! I know they have their influence, but they have not the power to arrest a determined soul. Bonaparte said, with true heroism and true philosophy, "I make circumstances." What circumstances have more influence upon character than location, occupation, books, manners, companions, and worship! Yet all these a man may determine for himself. Misfortunes, disappointments, difficulties may arise; but a true hero will counteract them all, and sometimes even make them contribute to his purposes, develop his resources, and strengthen and enlarge the powers of his soul. The curse which rests upon the earth becomes a blessing by taxing the energies of man; the wilderness, the thorn, the thistle, the rock, the poison, the storm, the ocean—all contribute to the enterprise, the elevation, the happiness of man. They lead to the ax, the plowshare, the gunpowder, the antidote, the compass, the steamship—they teach us to make earth, fire, winds, waves do our bidding; to raise the palace, the city, and the temple. Nor this alone:

"In fields of air man writes his name,
And treads the chambers of the sky;
He reads the stars and grasps the flame
That quivers round the throne on high.
In war renowned, in peace sublime,
He moves in greatness and in grace;
His power, subduing space and time,
Links realm to realm, and race to race."

Even the body itself may be crippled and the senses obscured, and yet the soul may go onward to its mark; there is no setting limits to its powers, or bounds to its ingenuity. The sweetest bards, both of modern and ancient ages, were blind. The blind organist, Stanley, was able to accompany any lesson with a thorough bass, though he had never heard it before; thus anticipating the harmony before the chords were sounded. There was a blind Arabian who exercised the office of conducting merchants through the trackless sands and deserts of his native country, and a blind English wagoner, who became a projector and surveyor of highways in difficult and mountainous districts. Dr. Blaclock, totally blind, was an able divine, a classical scholar, and a pleasing poet. Dr. Saunderson, without any perception of light, lectured on the universal arithmetic, the optics, and the Principia of Newton, and discharged, with applause, the duties of Professor of Mathematics in the University of Cambridge. Dr. Mayes, another blind man, became distinguished in the various departments of chemistry, natural history, and natural philosophy. On all these branches he lectured, performing most of the required experiments with his own hands, and with remarkable neatness and success. He lectured also with great accuracy and precision on the laws of optics, and the phenomena of light and colors, although he had no proper perception of either. Mr. Nicholas Bacon, who lost his vision at nine years of age, pursued successfully a course of study, received the degree of Doctor of Laws at Brussels, and gained almost every lawsuit in which he was engaged. We read of a blind sculptor who made marble statues with great elegance and justness.

But it is not the blind alone that have triumphed over obstacles. In the London Quarterly Review we have an account of a Mr. Arrowsmith, who was quite deaf, so as to be entirely dumb, and yet, without the aids now afforded to the unfortunate class to which he belonged, he succeeded, not only in educating himself, but in attaining eminence as a miniature and portrait painter. Nor is this all; he even learned to enjoy music without hearing. "He would place," says the narrator, "himself near some article of wooden

furniture, or a partition, door, or window-shutter, and would fix the extreme end of his finger nails, which he kept rather long, upon the edge of some projecting part of the wood, and there remain till the piece under performance was finished, all the while expressing by the most significant gestures the pleasure he experienced from musical sounds. But the most extraordinary circumstance in this case is, that he was most evidently delighted with those passages in which the composer displayed his science in modulating the different keys. When such passages happened to be executed with precision, he could scarcely repress the emotions of pleasure which he received within any bounds; for the delight he evinced seemed to border on ecstasy.

"This was expressed most remarkably at our club, when the glee was sung with which we often conclude: it is by Stevens, and begins with the words, 'Ye spotted snakes,' from Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*. In the second stanza on the words, 'Weaving spiders come not here,' there is some modulation of the kind above alluded to, and here Mr. Arrowsmith would be in raptures, such as would not be exceeded by any one who was in immediate possession of the sense of hearing."

The loss of health is not an insuperable barrier to noble deeds—the noblest deeds have been performed, and the noblest thoughts conceived, while the bodily organs were suffering. I know a man who is but a walking skeleton—who knows not what an hour's ease is—who, for years, has not slept over ten minutes at a time, and who, when he rises to speak, pants like a dying man, but who thinks as thoroughly, who writes and speaks as much and as effectively as any man I know. This is no unusual case; the best books have been written, the best speeches have been made, the greatest battles have been won by men whose souls have borne up under the depressing weight of bodily disease. William II kept his tent when he should have kept his bed. Marshal St. Arnaud sat in his saddle as long as he was able to sit in his chair. Epaminondas, Wolf, Nelson, Lawrence ordered the battle as long as the spirit remained in the body.

I have read of a recent case which is fresh in my recollection: "James Kennard, when just entering upon active life, was attacked with anchylosis. First one knee refused its office; and as this was accompanied with great pain, the leg was amputated in the hope that the disease would be arrested. But it soon passed into the other limb, stiffened the remaining knee, and then crept on slowly from joint to joint, making

each inflexible as it passed, till the whole lower portion of his body was nearly as rigid as iron, and the muscles had no longer any office to perform. Gradually it moved upward, leaving the vertebral column inflexible; the arms and hands, which, in anticipation of its approach, had been bent into a position most convenient for the sufferer, stiffened then; the neck refused to turn or bend, and the body became as if it had been carved out of rock. Years passed between the incursion of the disease and its completion; years elapsed after the hapless patient was thus hardened into stone, and still he lived. Nor was this all; his eyes were attacked; the sight of one was lost, and the other became so exquisitely sensitive that it could seldom be exposed to the light, and never but for a few moments at a time. Thus he remained for years prisoned in his house of stone, crying, 'Who shall deliver me from the body of this rock?' Yet his mind was clear and vigorous, his temper sweet, his affections strong and clinging as ever. His good sense, his wit, his knowledge of books, his interest in the passing topics of the day, made his chamber a favorite resort, even to those who might not have been drawn thither by sympathy for his sufferings; for not unfrequently he was exposed to agonizing pain. But in the intervals of this distress his active mind sought and found employment, and numerous contributions, both prose and verse, which this living statue dictated for the *Knickerbocker*, are now in print."

Granted, you say, that external circumstances may be overcome; but what shall be done when the difficulties are in the soul itself, weakness of reason, or will, or strength of appetite, or passion? Beware that you do not set down faults as weaknesses, or give to passion its power by your own irresolution.

Whatever your internal difficulties, if you will it you may be a man.

That the character depends on the man or the will is evident from the fact, that whatever be the circumstances to which a man is subjected, his course through life may generally be predicted from his outset; as is the child, so is the common school pupil; as is the common school pupil, so is the collegian; as is the collegian, so is the young man; as is the young man, so is the old man; or to express it more briefly in the line of Wordsworth,

"The child is father to the man."

If the child be idle, obstinate, peevish, proud, licentious, intemperate, sly, thievish, false, unfaithful, so will the man be, only more and more so.

After an experience of nearly twenty years in the management of youth, I utter this declaration with confidence: I know of no instance in which a youth did well at college, and left without having given his instructors anxiety and pain; without having violated and scorned admonition, who has not entered upon life with fair prospects of tranquillity, usefulness, and honor. I know of no youth of an opposite kind who has not entered upon a different life. Some have already seen the inside of the prison; others have entered upon the life of a common soldier; others have departed in disgrace for parts unknown.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

TWO DAYS AT NIAGARA.

BY THE EDITOR.

Passage from Buffalo to the Falls—Niagara river—Black Rock—Tonawanda—M. M. Noah's Jewish city—Arrival—Stillness—The hotel—Start out on our first round of exploration—The suspension bridge—View from its top—Crossing of a railroad train—Safety of the bridge—Drive to Table Rock—The fall—Impressions—Descent to the bottom—Table Rock—An accident—Afternoon's explorations—Iris Island—View of the Central and American falls—View of the little steamer—Adventurous spirits in the spray below—Prospect of Luna Island—Dangerous position—Melancholy accident—Biddle stair-way—The Tower—Looking down into the abyss—Walk around the island—Bridge across the American rapids—Accidents that have occurred here—Avery—The washerwoman's child—The falls by moonlight—A lunar rainbow—Second day's observations—Passage down the inclined plane—Maid of the Mist—The circuit of the fall—A ride to the burning springs—To Lundy's Lane—Passage of Niagara in the "skiff"—A last look—Thoughts.

TO attempt the description of this wonder of nature would seem to be a work of supererogation, since it has already employed a thousand pens. We have descriptions of it by the most acute observers, by writers of the most brilliant fancy, and its grandeur has been celebrated in song by the most gifted poets. Yet who has ever seen it—visited it—felt its power—caught inspiration from it, that did not desire to speak of it and write about it? Ours may not be the majesty of description. We only propose to tell the reader how we looked at it, and what were the impressions made upon us.

The passage from Buffalo to the Falls, by the railroad—twenty-two miles, and occupying about one hour—is alive with interest; the passage by the boat, which runs down to within a few miles of the Falls, must be still more so. We can not stop to describe the objects of interest along the route. On our left the Niagara river, studded with islands and separating her Majesty's dominions from the United States, is in our broad view most of the way. Along the side of this river,

and separated from it only by an outer embankment, runs the Erie canal. Black Rock, which we passed on our way, was once the rival of Buffalo. It was just below the Black Rock dam that Commodore Perry concealed his vessels, during the winter, from the British in the war of 1812. Speculators once invested large sums in "town lots" in this place, and here it was imagined that the great commercial emporium of the lakes was to rise. But the sagacity of man has been mocked by the course of events. A rather insignificant village is all that remains of the former high-blown hopes of its early projectors. The "Queen City of the Lakes" has grown up on another site; and now, so great is the contrast, that the very mention of Black Rock as its early rival will only provoke a smile of incredulity on the part of one not read in the early history of the country.

Tonawanda is about twelve miles from Buffalo, and is situated on a sluggish stream of the same name emptying into the Niagara river. Though this place, not ten years since, made some effort to cope with Buffalo, it is now a village of inconsiderable note. Opposite to it, on Grand island, is the site selected by M. M. Noah to found a Jewish city. It was called Arrarat, and was to be the gathering-place of all Jews who had not been swept away from the faith of their fathers by the deluge of Christianity. The title assumed by the projector of this enterprise was, "Proprietor, Prince and Patriarch, Governor and Judge of Israel." All that remains of the magnificent city projected, is a rough monument, on which is engraved in Hebrew the following inscription:

"ARRARAT,

A CITY OF REFUGE FOR THE JEWS.

Founded by Mordecai M. Noah, in the Tizri, 5386, September, 1825, in the fifty-sixth year of American Independence."

The projector of this enterprise, on the neglect of the children of Abraham to acknowledge his authority and obey his summons, realized its failure, and returned to his former avocation. He continued to edit a weekly sheet in the city of New York till his death, and his ashes, instead of slumbering within the walls of the goodly city projected by him, repose in a little burying-ground of his people, situated near the corner of the Sixth avenue and Twenty-first street, in the great Babel of commercial enterprise in the new world.

We at length arrive at Niagara. The cars stop. We step out; look around. A village of inconsiderable dimensions, but of some preten-

sions to beauty, greets the eye. But, how still! how calm and serene! Can this be Niagara? We hear no thunder of the cataract. We see no spray dashing up into the air; no mist shading the heavens and purpling it with rainbow hues! Even the people seem quiet. How can a people live at the very sides of the greatest natural wonder of the world and not be in perpetual excitement? What philosophy can solve the mystery? If men, dwelling among the Alpine peaks that pierce the very clouds, soon become insensible to the inspiring power of the majestic scenery which surrounds them; if the people that cultivate their vines upon the hill-sides of Vesuvius, when the ground is warmed by internal fire and often rocked and rent by internal commotion, nevertheless soon lose all sensibility to danger, and all power to appreciate the grandeur and peril of their condition; can we wonder that the dwellers on the banks of the Niagara seem in the end to become insensible to its power? They calm down and become like other men. Nay, with them the grand question is, not how grand the fall may be, but how it can be made to coin gold in the mint of mammon.

But we confess that we never visited the place—never stepped out from the depot, without being in some sort oppressed by the *stillness*. We mentally exclaim, "Where is the roar of the cataract?" It is said that its roar can be heard at the distance of twenty miles. We doubt it. Here we stand but a few rods from it, and, just where we supposed our ears would be deafened by its thunder, we protest to you, gentle reader, we can't even hear it. A grove at a little distance, through which we seem to see *vacancy* intervening between that and some more distant shore, is about the only natural indication that suggests to us our proximity to the fall.

The omnibus soon whirls us to our hotel—the Cataract House—and here we are fortunate in securing rooms that look out upon the rapids above the American fall.

"Time is money" very emphatically at the Falls; but there are other reasons still more imperative why our stay must be brief. A few moments are sufficient to prepare our party of five to commence their rounds of observation. Nearly four hours now intervene to dinner. We propose to take a distant view first. Accordingly, getting a hack, our company proceed down to the suspension bridge, some two miles below the fall. The road lies back from the bank, and rarely affords us even a glimpse of the fall or river.

The suspension bridge is in itself a wonder worthy of a long travel to see. From two lofty

towers on either side of the river it stretches across the yawning chasm. These towers are firmly bedded in the solid rocks, which rise up almost perpendicularly from the water's edge, and form an embankment over two hundred feet high on either side of the river. They are nearly one hundred feet in height, and built of massive stones, strongly blended together by iron bolts and solid masonry. The span between them is eight hundred and eighty-two feet. They—two on each side—are the fulcrums across which huge ropes, composed of almost innumerable wires, are stretched, the ends of these ropes being somehow secured in the solid rock inland from the abutments or towers. The ropes of course sag somewhat, bending downward in the middle. It was an easy thing to fly a kite across the stream, and thus connect the two shores by ropes of ordinary dimensions. But how sufficient force could be obtained to draw over in safety and to secure these huge iron cables, is past my comprehension. The "bridge" is suspended to these cables, by iron ropes, longer or shorter as the case may be, so as to make the bridge itself level. This structure is braced by iron ropes leading off obliquely, and fastened in the rocky bank, so that the bridge has great stability. The lower bridge is for carriages and foot passengers; but along what seems to be its roof, fifty or sixty feet higher, a railroad track has been laid. This connects the Great Western railroad, extending through Canada, on the north side of Lake Erie, to Detroit, with the Central New York railroads. This railroad connection, and other business attractions, are rapidly building up flourishing villages on either side of the river. That on the American side is called Niagara City.

Coming to the bridge we dismounted from our carriage, and, ascending by a spiral stairway to the upper bridge, find an excellent walk on either side of the railroad track. The prospect is grand beyond description. Far away down below us the torrent of the river is dashing onward with great velocity. Now it seems of a deep green, and now it foams into whiteness as it dashes over the sunken rocks. Looking down, the river seems to have scooped—no, that is not the word—*rent*, as with the power of an earthquake, a passage for itself along through the solid rock—carving away till in the distance its sight is hidden from us. Huge boulders have fallen down the steep banks, and lay in many places at the water's edge; others have fallen into the stream, and as the water in its downward course strikes them, a sheet flares up, whitening into foam and whirling around, then falling again like spray, thus

almost endlessly diversifying the surface of the stream.

Looking up the stream the scene is still more grand. Just above the bridge on which we stand, a road winds obliquely down the bank on the American side, till it reaches the water's edge in a little bend; and here is the lower landing of the "Maid of the Mist"—a little steamer seen just now stemming the torrent as she creeps along the shore on her voyage to the Falls. The banks present the same bold, rough scenery above as below. And in the distance the mighty cataract is seen pouring its ocean of waters down its rocky bed. We stood and gazed upon the scene, more deeply impressed, if possible, than when we saw it for the first time. To deepen our impression, hardly had we passed the middle point when the snort of the iron horse warned us off the railroad track, and soon the long train of cars glided by us, spanning the awful chasm, as it were, by a single leap, and landing safely on solid ground at the opposite side. Under the ponderous weight and rapid motion the bridge seemed to quiver like a man staggering under a heavy burden for a moment, and then gathering strength, firmly conveyed its burden over. We confess to a momentary trepidation. How could it be otherwise? All *may* be safe, but yet all *may not* be. The architect tells that the structure is capable of sustaining a weight of 12,400 tons; while the aggregate weight of a train is only five hundred, and of the work only seven hundred and fifty, making a total of only 1,250 tons. All this is well, if there be no *flaw* unperceived in the work, and no little figure misplaced in the calculation. One thing is certain, that however strong the bands of iron that span the stream may be, there must be an immense strain at the point where the ends are anchored on either side. We fear that at some day this place may be a scene of some terrible disaster. But disasters occur often at most unexpected points, and under such circumstances that no human foresight or ingenuity can avoid them.

From the suspension bridge up to Table Rock, at the very brow of the fall on the Canada side, a fine road has been constructed along the bank of the river. At different points on this road the finest distant views of the Falls can be obtained. These views generally embrace both the American and English falls, which are spread out as in one broad sheet before us. Again and again we called on our driver to pause as some new view opened before us. The intensity of the effect was heightened by the point from which our observations were made—the brow of a precipice

of over two hundred feet, from which we looked down on the mighty floods below. We now discovered why we had seen and heard so little of the fall when we first reached the village on the other side. The depot is on a level higher than the top of the fall; and the plunge of the ocean of waters is as it were down into a deep and broad chasm, where the view is concealed and the sound pent up by the rocky sides.

We come at last to the celebrated "Table Rock." Here we first ascend one of the towers from which fine views of the fall, the rapids, etc., can be obtained. Then we venture out to the edge of Table Rock, and look down into the yawning abyss, and out upon the boiling, foaming torrent as it rushes down, changing at the bottom into a froth and foam of milky whiteness. This is *Niagara*! We are near enough now to feel its power, to hear its thunder! The ideas of *omnipotence*, *grandeur*, *eternity*, rush upon the soul! No one who has not witnessed this scene can conceive its grandeur. The rapids commence about two or three miles above the Falls, and from thence to the brow of the grand fall there is a descent of about fifty feet. The river at the commencement of the rapids is two or three miles wide, but it gradually narrows to less than one-third that width. These two causes make the water move with almost inconceivable velocity, even before they reach the fall, so that they seem to rush in mad haste to make their fearful leap. The perpendicular descent of this fall is one hundred and fifty-eight feet, and its width some eighteen hundred—curving so as to form a sort of amphitheater for the play of the troubled waters. The action of the waters above the fall, occasioned probably by the inequalities or obstructions in the bed of the stream, was very peculiar. The whole surface seemed agitated and broken by conflicting waves—shooting up, dashing against each other and breaking into a foam, often scattering drops that glittered like jewels in the sun. We took our place of observation near the fall as was safe, and here we gazed, long and intently, upon the scene. By some irresistible fascination we seemed chained to the spot. We desired not to speak; we desired no one to speak to us. This was a moment when God's voice seemed to be heard. It *was* uttered in the thunder of the mighty waters. The invisible things of God, even his *eternal power*, were *seen*. The Indian name, "Niagara," it is said, signifies, "thunder of waters," and we know of no mere human expression that will more fully describe this majestic scene.

From the summit of the bank we now de-

scended to the water's edge, and from the foot of the fall look upward. What a feeling of littleness and feebleness comes over us! The unceasing thunder of the cataract, the awful sense of its resistless power, and the bewildering, perplexing thought, that for untold ages, without a single moment's intermission, it has not ceased its motion, nor its thunder, became almost insupportable.

We ascended without penetrating the mysteries hidden behind the sheet of waters. We had no desire to tempt Providence.

"Table Rock" now, for the first time, attracted our attention. It seems to be a stratum of rock stretching out like the leaf of a table over the chasm—some one hundred and sixty or seventy feet above it. This stratum or leaf is sustained by an irregular arch, formed apparently by the wearing away of the stones and shale beneath. Portions of this rock have at different times become disintegrated and fallen into the chasm below. In 1818 a portion of it, one hundred and sixty feet long and forty in width, fell at midnight with a thundering crash, which was heard at the distance of miles—the people starting from their slumbers, imagining it to be an earthquake. In each of these falls the disintegrated masses descended into the flood, which closed over them and left no trace of them, so great is the depth of the stream. The observer should be careful how he moves around on Table Rock, or ventures near its edge.

A melancholy illustration of this is the case of a young lady, Miss Rugg, in 1844. In company with a gentleman she walked out upon Table Rock, but leaving his arm for a moment to pluck some evergreens growing on the edge, the ground gave way beneath her feet. She gave one piercing shriek; her companion grasped after her, but only caught her shawl, which gave way, and the poor girl was precipitated down a perpendicular height of one hundred and twenty feet upon a bed of sharp stones. A physician and others rushed down the spiral stairway, and, strange to say, found her yet alive. She was bled, and said faintly, "Pick me up." This was done, but the injuries were too severe for recovery, and the poor girl survived the accident but a few hours.

Well pleased with our first half day's exploration, and with appetites sharpened by exercise, we betake ourselves to our carriage and return to our hotel for dinner.

Our destination for the afternoon is Goat, or, more properly, Iris island. This island is placed above the fall in the middle of the river, and is

reached from the American side by a bridge across the rapids. The island is about half a mile in length, and contains some sixty or seventy acres. It is well wooded at the lower end, but cleared and cultivated at the upper. A road leads all around it, curving outward to the striking points of observation. Reaching the island we turn to the right, and after a walk of five minutes come out upon a prominent point giving a magnificent view of the American fall, and also of the river from the Canadian fall down nearly to the suspension bridge. The bank here is perpendicular, and probably at least one hundred and fifty feet in height. The little steamer, "Maid of the Mist," is now just beneath us, hugging the American shore as she makes her way up to the crescent or horse-shoe fall. It seems as though we could cast a stone upon her deck, and her oil-cloth-shrouded passengers look like pigmies.

Below us we see two or three adventurous spirits—one of them a lady—who have ventured down the spiral staircase of Mr. Biddle. They crawl slowly along the loose stones beneath the overhanging bank, probably intending to penetrate behind the central sheet of water. Between this and the broad American sheet, down on some huge boulders disintegrated from the mass, and enveloped in spray and mist, we descry two who have passed through. The water falls in torrents upon and all around them. We have no relish for such sport, and therefore did not adventure it. The "Cave of the Winds" is down here beneath us.

From where we stand a bridge connects with a little island called Prospect or Luna island, from which equally striking views may be had. Prospect island separates the central from the American fall. Here you may sit at the very top of the fall, dip your feet or wash your hands in the water. The place is really enchanting, and from this point we were favored with the sight of a beautiful rainbow glittering in the spray below us.

It is necessary to move with caution here. From the deceptive nature of the shrubbery you often find yourself on the very brink of the precipice, almost before you are aware. Seven years ago the beautiful spot where we now stand was the scene of a dreadful tragedy. A young and joyous company were gathered here. One of them, a young man, playfully catching hold of a little girl, pretended to throw her into the stream. By sudden impulse the young girl bounded from him and fell into the current. In a moment he plunged in after her. Alas! no power could save, and, locked in each other's

arms, Charles Addington and Nettie De Forrest were carried over the dreadful precipice. The horrified group saw them struggling in the stream, and witnessed the agony of their countenances as they turned imploringly for help. Their mangled remains were subsequently found in the Cave of the Winds, and were committed to the dust. The mother of "Nettie," who was of the party and near by, did not long survive the dreadful shock. The barbed arrow of sorrow entered her soul, and she soon departed to join the loved one in the better land. How often has a noon of sorrow arisen upon a morning of joy!

Turning our faces toward the Canada side, we walked along the edge of the precipice. The scene is one of continued wonder as new views break upon us. Here we come to the Biddle Staircase—a spiral stairway down the precipitous bank. It was here that Sam Patch made his two successful leaps from a platform ninety-seven feet high into the river below. Poor fellow! His low ambition led him to make other and more daring leaps, till, at the Genesee Falls, he leaped from a height of one hundred and twenty-five feet, sunk into the water, and was seen no more. His name has become the synonym for folly.

Passing on we come to the tower erected by Judge Porter. It is a massive structure of rock, forty-five feet high, ascended by an internal spiral stairway. It seems to be situated in the very midst of the foaming billows of the horse-shoe fall, and is reached by a bridge resting on huge boulders that lie in the stream. Here you look down seemingly into the very deepest part of the mighty torrent. The water, of a deep green, first whitens as it plunges, and then breaks into foam of snowy whiteness. A deep angular indentation here shows that the rock is wearing away, and at some future day, there is reason to apprehend that the point of rock on which the tower stands will itself yield to the mighty pressure and also plunge down the abyss.

The walk up around the island gives some fine views of the rapids not attained elsewhere. Reaching the upper end we paused at the point where the waters are divided, part gliding to the right the rest to the left, and thenceforth pursuing their separate course to their respective falls. So smooth was the surface, and so imperceptible the motion of the current here, that one would hardly suspect how near to the rapids we were, nor yet how terrific a gulf was yawning below. But a closer inspection assured us that even here the current was deep and strong. So in the tides of human passion. They may seem gentle, though pampered and indulged; but the *rapids*

are near, very near, and the cataract is but a step beyond.

The sun had already gone down when we, having made the circuit of the island, stood again upon the bridge that connects it with the main land. Midway we paused. The descent to the brow of the fall, some five or six hundred yards from this point, is steep, and the waters glide tumultuously along with increasing velocity. The scenes witnessed at this spot recurred with thrilling effect to the mind. The case of Avery is still fresh with the public. He, with two companions—all intoxicated—were one night in a boat which, by some means, got detached from the shore. Entering the rapids, the boat upset, and, with the two companions of Avery, passed over the fall, and were seen no more. He, by chance, struck a log which had lodged against a rock, which is still seen about midway in the stream. To this he clung with the desperation of despair. Morning at length dawned, and the thrilling cry resounded through the village, "A man in the rapids! A man in the rapids!" For a whole day the struggle to rescue the victim from the jaws of destruction was continued. Nothing could stem the mighty torrent. He falls at length into the rushing flood—with the velocity of an arrow he is borne downward. Upon the crest of the cataract he rises, leaps from the flood, tosses up his arms, utters a shriek of agony, and then is seen no more.

Another case, even more affecting, is that of the little child of a poor woman. The mother was washing in the mill stream—her child playing in a tub near her. Loosened gradually by the action of the water the tub floated out into the river. The movement was unperceived by the mother till it was beyond her reach. A moment more and it had entered the rapids, and the little voyager to eternity passed over the cataract, the agonized screams of the mother being drowned by its interminable roar.

Scarcely conscious of fatigue after our day's exertion and excitement, we determined upon a moonlight view of the falls. Slowly the hours of evening wore away while, seated on a rough crag of a projecting precipice near the American fall, we gazed upon the grand scene before us. The hour of nine had passed, and ten was nearly reached before we felt like retiring from the spot. As we rose to go the moon burst forth in all her splendor, and then "A lunar bow! a lunar bow!" was the exclamation that burst from the lips of the few straggling visitors that remained. Yes, a lunar bow; there it was—clearly defined, bright almost as the moon herself. It was enough.

We drank in its beauty and then retired, well satisfied with the explorations we had made, and still feeling profoundly the impressions that had been made upon us.

The morning of the second day dawned gloriously upon the earth. Our preparations were early made for the transit of the river by water. The descent on the American side is facilitated by an inclined plane, on which is a double track, so that one car ascends as the other descends. The cars are moved by a water-wheel, which is turned by a branch of the cataract itself. By the side of the railway is a flight of stairs—over seven hundred in number. As we were gliding down we could not keep from speculating upon the probable results of a fracture of the chain by which our course was regulated, and upon the probabilities of our escape. These chances, we confess, did not seem very flattering, and we were more inclined to look for safety in the strength of the cable—and the probability of its not breaking *now*—than in any miraculous intervention for our deliverance.

We soon reached the "Maid of the Mist"—moored by the wharf, dancing up and down as the waters bubbled up beneath her. She is a strongly constructed little steamer, and thoroughly furnished for the perilous waters she navigates. The gentlemanly captain approaches, furnishes our oil-cloth suits—enveloping the head as well as the body. We ascend to the upper deck, the shrill whistle sounds, and now we are off. We glide up near the bottom of the American fall, pass along by the foot of Iris island, and curve around near the great horse-shoe fall. There is no view of the fall more grand or impressive than that obtained in this passage. Below us is a depth of several hundred feet of boiling, seething water—its surface every-where foaming white as milk. Above us is the rushing torrent, with its deep, unremitted, eternal roar. The misty drops fill the air; in their midst the rainbows play, constantly changing as the boat glides along; then they fall in drenching torrents upon the deck. Pause here for a moment; gaze upon this amphitheater of the cataracts; listen to the deep thunder of their voice. See with what ceaseless movement the unbroken phalanx rolls onward! Mentally we exclaim, "Cold, stern, calm emblem of fate, thy motion is that of a globe, thy roar that of an earthquake! Thou art a perpetually moving yet ever-abiding miracle of almighty power! The fountains of thy greatness are ceaselessly replenished, so that thou mayest roll on forever!"

There is something awful in this idea of the
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unceasing flow and yet unexhausted fullness of the mighty flood. To think that through untold ages its motion and its thunder have ceased neither by night nor by day, bewilders the imagination! The very chasm into which it falls seems as though it were scooped out by the hand of the Almighty to prepare for this wondrous display of his power! Was it in "the morning of time"—at the birth of creation? or was it when our earth emerged from the overflowings of the deluge? Who can tell? Earth's annals fail in their record. Science confesses its inability to solve the problem. Grand mystery of the universe, let its origin and its future alike slumber in obscurity.

Landing upon the English side we chartered a hack, and were soon winding our way up the dizzy steep of the bank. The views of the fall and of the river below, presented at different points of our ascent, were highly attractive. But we can not stay to describe them.

Passing up on the Canadian side some mile and a half above the Falls, we come to "the burning springs." The water of this spring is surcharged with sulphureted hydrogen gas. A rough building now covers it, and the water is confined in a fountain. Placing a barrel over it the gas is collected and escapes through a tube in the upper end. Apply to this a lighted torch and it burns with a brilliant flame till extinguished. The taste of the water was strongly sulphurous.

Returning we visited the battle-ground, called "Lundy's Lane." From the summit of an observatory we had not only a complete view of the battle-ground, but also of an extensive tract of highly interesting country. In the south the outlet of Lake Erie, as well as the course of the Niagara river to the fall, including a view of the islands and of the battle-ground of Chippewa, were among the objects of interest visible. In the north a distant view of Lake Ontario was had, and Brock's monument pointed upward like a needle in the horizon. But the great point of interest was the scene at our feet. On this beautiful day all was calm and peaceful. The farmer was quietly cultivating his fields, which were already smiling with the promise of a harvest. In the distance, to the west, was desecrated the site where Lundy, the early pioneer, fixed his residence; and in a straight line the road extended down, passing by us and leading toward the Falls. Upon this spot one of the most desperate battles of the last war was fought. The reader will find an account of this bloody conflict in history. We have neither wish nor space for the

details. The battle scene and the localities of its incidents were minutely described by "the old soldier," who professes to have been a participant in it.

Having finished our observations here, we returned to the landing below the fall, to make the passage of the river in the "skiff," which is managed and propelled across the angry flood by a single oarsman. Out upon the middle of the stream our frail boat was singularly tossed by the agitation of the waters; but onward we glided, seemingly in perfect safety, till we all landed at the foot of the inclined plane, on which we were soon brought to the upper bank.

From the jutting precipice we now took one more look at the great wonder of nature, which had so absorbed us. Then we hastened away to make preparations for our departure. We would like to spend weeks among those sublime scenes; but in this short, busy life, the exactions to economy of time are imperious. Stern duties summon us away.

We would fain send back our thoughts for a moment; we would meditate upon the lessons suggested here amid the sublimities of nature. But we can only say, Adieu, great wonder of the world! On thy frontlet are inscribed grandeur, power, eternity—attributes of the God of nature! In thy thunders the deep tones of his voice are uttered in solemn majesty! In the misty windings of thy sheet, the milk-white beauty of thy foam, and the scattered drops—tossed high in air and ever challenging the rainbow hues—the curious workmanship of his hand is seen! Roll on! The wayfarer of to-day, who has been wet with thy spray, tossed upon thy waters, and felt all his soul inspired by the magic of thy power, passes away. To-morrow he shall be hushed in the quiet of the grave; he shall become alike insensible to earth—its wonders and its cares. But thy torrent is unchecked, thy thunder unsubdued. Myriads in future and distant generations shall come and be filled with wonder, and at thy shrine learn a deeper and a holier worship of that wonderful Being who has scooped out thy passage way, and set bounds to curb thy angry billows. Roll on! Thy course shall cease, thy roar be hushed only when the fiat of the Almighty goes forth, and the dissolving elements of nature proclaim that time shall be no longer!

—♦—
Your great enemy may succeed so far in his attempts against you, as to persuade you that you have lost nothing in religion, when you have almost lost all.—Doddridge.

HYMN FOR THE SPRING.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

Lord of the pleasant hills,
From whence are brightly flowing
Ten thousand gushing rills,
In the spring sunlight glowing,
With grateful praise
My heart expands;
To thee I raise
My eyes and hands.

Lord of the solemn woods,
Whose arches dim are ringing
With nature's choral broods,
Her own sweet wild-birds singing,
Thy wondrous name,
Thy gracious power,
Are still the same
In every hour.

Lord of the free, pure air,
So softly round me blowing,
Waving my unbound hair,
And o'er my pale brow flowing,
Holy art thou!
My soul aspires
Ever to bow
To thy desires.

Accept the sacrifice
Now from a full heart pouring;
Let my glad song arise,
To thy far mansion soaring.
Though heart so hard
And vain be mine;
Yet love I, Lord,
Thy name divine.

SONG OF LIFE.

BY HELEN BRUCE.

ONE by one life's joys depart;
One by one, one by one:
Sad and sadder grows the heart
Till they all are gone.
Every bosom hath its tomb,
Dark and drear, dark and drear,
Where lie mold'ring, 'mid the gloom,
Hopes once fair and dear.
Thorny is the way thro' life;
Blood and tears, blood and tears,
Disappointment, pain, and strife,
Mark its fleeting years.
But the grave hath slumber sweet,
And together there
All earth's travelers shall meet
That repose to share.
From the palace portal high—
From the cottage door,
Prince and peasant, silently,
Each is borne of four:
Borne away to dreamless rest
In the earth's untroubled breast.

EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Scripture Cabinet.

THE REFUGE IN THE DESERT.—“O Lord, my strength, and my fortress, and my refuge in the day of affliction.” *Jer. xvi, 19.*

Let us not despair. Whatever may betide, God's people and his cause are safe. Let us trust in the Lord at all times, and go alone and stay our souls upon him. He that sends the storm provides the refuge.

A party of travelers in the desert were overtaken by the fierce simoom. At midday the sun was turned into darkness; the air was filled with flying particles of the finest sand, that choked the nostrils and blinded the eyes. The foot-track was effaced. The form of a camel ten paces ahead could not be distinguished. Like blinding snow, driven and drifted by the winds of March, came the hot sands of the desert, stinging, whirling, drifting, commingling the earth and the sky. The patient camel groped his way with averted head; the dogged Arab buried himself in his mantle with his back to the storm; the travelers longed for deliverance. Before the simoom had reached its height, they came suddenly upon a rude building of stone, well protected with roof and doors, which the hand of charity had erected there in the desert for a shelter. With joy they rushed into it, and with closed doors, safe from sand, and heat, and wind, and happy in each other and in God their deliverer, they listened to the raging storm till its voice was hushed in the darkness of the night. So when the storm of indignation sweeps the earth; when the blast of the Almighty hides the sun, and rocks the solid globe; when, at midday, there is darkness that may be felt; when man and beast groan with terror, and the pilots of the desert lose their reckoning and resign themselves to fate, then is heard a voice above the tempest, “Come, my people, enter thou into thy chambers, and shut thy doors about thee;—hide thyself for a little moment, till the indignation be overpast; for behold the Lord cometh out of his place to punish the inhabitants of the earth for their iniquity.”

He who creates the storm rides upon it; he will give us shelter; he will bring us peace. Let us have confidence in God. “It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes.” “Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.”

SELF-ABANDONMENT.—“Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass.” *Palm xxxvii, 5.*

There is a passage in the life of Napoleon which illustrates the spirit of self-abandonment required in this verse. It occurred while Marshal Murat was commander-in-chief of the French army in Spain. Murat was ambitious. He desired to place the crown of the Spanish monarchy on his own brow, and was beginning to adapt his policy to his desire. Napoleon detected his aim; but, having other intentions concerning the crown of Spain, he wrote to Murat, saying, “I will attend to your private interests; have no thought of them.” It was the emperor's wish to have the Marshal devote himself exclu-

sively to the rigid execution of his orders; to rely so confidently on his royal master's disposition to secure his personal interests as to exclude all feverish thought of them. It was Murat's part to obey—Napoleon's to reward.

It is to a corresponding abandonment of all his concerns to God that the good Psalmist exhorts in the above strain. As Murat was required to leave the care of his private interests to Napoleon, so the good man is directed to leave his affairs in the hands of Jehovah. “Commit thy way unto the Lord!”—that is, by a solemn act, repeated till it becomes a fixed habit of the mind, commit all thy concerns, temporal and eternal, to the care, direction, and protection of thy Father in heaven. Place thy property, health, life, reputation; thy family, friends, enemies; thy body and thy soul, in his hands, to be preserved, blessed, afflicted, restrained, or saved, as thy need may require, as his wisdom may choose. Keep nothing from him. Renounce all self-reliance. Abandon thyself wholly and forever to his care; yea, “commit thy way unto the Lord.”—*Harp of David.*

REALITIES TO COME.—Let me stir you up to aim at a lively conviction of the real existence of heaven, and the certainty of a coming judgment. It is not easy to get this. We are creatures of present scenes and present moments. The distant and future have but little power over us, amazingly little when we recollect that we are to live in the future and go to the distant. Talk to us of the coming of Christ, and the rising of the dead, and the gathering together of the world, and the opening of hell and heaven—most of us must feel that these things seem to us as ideal and visionary; our minds do not grasp them. But these things are realities, or soon will be such, and very solemn realities. Think for a little. The ocean on our earth is in existence, though you do not see it; it is beating now on many a shore, though you do not hear it. If you had never seen the ocean, you would find it difficult to form as you sit there any distinct notion of it. It is the same with eternal and heavenly things. They also are in existence; they also are real, though they seem to you as unreal. You must not yield to this infirmity of your nature, or you will one day find out your error. You must not give yourselves up to the present things, for you are soon going away from present things. What will you do when you wake up and find all gone but heaven and hell? A trifle will place you in this situation. In a day or an hour you may be there. Blame not me, then, for so often trying to lead your thoughts forward. Rather blame yourselves that they do not of themselves go forward; rather pray that God the Holy Ghost may carry them forward. O that our minds could ever live in futurity! O that we could think as dying men ought to think of the world we shall soon be in! The distant, the unseen, the eternal—these really are the things which most concern us, brethren. Our home lies among them. We shall one day be as familiar with them as we now are with the scenes among which

we are now moving. O let us try to regard ourselves as very near them! Let us try to live in the daily anticipation of them. Then are our minds in a right state, when we can say with St. Paul, "Our conversation is in heaven; from whence also we look for the Savior, the Lord Jesus Christ."—*Rev. J. Bradley.*

LOOKING UP.—In the physical world it is hard to obtain any extended field of vision by looking around or below. It is won only by lifting the eye upward, and looking *above* and off from our tiny planet. A man can see *far* only as he looks *up*. In the clear day, he sees in that direction hundreds of thousands of miles all the way to the sun. In the bright, starlit night, he sees to the fixed stars, myriads of myriads of miles beyond the sun even. The Christian finds it the same in the *moral* world. To God and to the revelation that he has made in his Son, and in the book and cross of that Son, must darkling man look up, if he would discern afar off, either as to the old past, or as to the far future. Let him, for knowledge, or feeling, or incentives to energy, look elsewhere; and he is soon dejected. His horizon is a cribbed and restricted one. Looking only inward to his own heart and intellect; or looking around to his fellows, to schools, and to libraries; or looking below, into mines and strata, and sea-deeps, and tophet, his view is of necessity narrow, and circumscribed, and cheerless. But lifting his eye upward, what upper deeps of unsearchable wisdom and exhaustless goodness—what life-giving warmth from the unsetting Sun of righteousness, risen on the soul with healing in his wings, does the believer find? His purpose, with the Psalmist's, becomes henceforward this: "I will lift up mine eyes to the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth." And thus going out of the finite to the Infinite, and rising from the creature to its Author, and thus breaking the bounds of earth, and sense, and time, to lay hold on the boundless One, the omnipresent and the eternal, man—regenerate man, learns from God the joy of giving, and the wisdom of giving, and the excellence of giving, and the necessity of giving. Then it becomes not merely a law, but a law of liberty, knocking off from the heart its old incase-ments and fetters—not merely its love, but its law of love, a delight made into principle, habit, and statute: it becomes its law of liberty, and its law of love, with the soul renewed and grafted into Christ, to do good unto all men as he shall have opportunity, hoping for nothing again.

THE WISE IN HEART.—This phrase is met with no where except in the Bible. Like other phrases of the "holy men of old," it has a deep and peculiar significance. It describes not the learned, not the gifted, not the profound, not the man of knowledge, nor the man of intellect; but it describes the man of pure intent and simple faith; the man who loves the truth and the right; the man who walks straight onward in the path of duty, assured that it ends prosperously, because his Father bids him walk therein. This is heart-wisdom, in comparison of which all head-wisdom is mere folly. Not that head-wisdom is useless, but it needs to be associated with heart-wisdom and to be subject to it. Let science explore the skies, and pierce the earth, and question nature every-where, and bring to light all the secrets of existence; let history unfold the record of past ages, and teach lessons of experience; let art, with wonder-working power, analyze and combine whatever science has discovered or shall discover; there is a still higher wisdom

than this—it is the wisdom which teaches man his duty, and discovers to him the springs of happiness, and conducts him a willing pilgrim in the paths of purity and peace, through the valleys of humility and penitence, to the true life, not of the spirit only, but of the body also.

THE SPARROW ALONE UPON THE HOUSE-TOP.—A bird not now seen in this country is interesting to us on account of the place which it occupies in holy writ. Its history is but little known to the world at large, and its identity is exposed to be called in question on account of the name which it erroneously bears. The bird is the *passer solitarius*. The Psalmist exclaims, "I watch, and am as a sparrow alone upon the house-top!" I have often wondered what this bird could be, knowing, by daily experience, that it could not actually be the house sparrow, for the house sparrow is not solitary in its habits. I despaired of being able to trace its character satisfactorily; and I should probably have long remained in ignorance of it, had I not visited the southern parts of Europe. My arrival at Rome led me at once into the secret. The bird is a real thrush in size, in shape, in habits, and in song; with this difference from the rest of the tribe, that it is remarkable throughout all the east for sitting solitary on the habitations of man. It is indeed a solitary bird, for it never associates with any other, and only at one season with its own mate; and even then it is often seen quite alone upon the house-top, where it warbles in sweet and plaintive strains, and continues its song as it moves in easy flight from roof to roof. The solitary thrush is seen in all the countries of the east, up to Syria and Egypt, and probably much farther on.—*Waterton's "Essays on Natural History."*

THE LITTLENES OF EARTHLY THINGS.—Ascend some lofty post of observation; some high watch-tower. The mottled tide flows and dashes far below you. The sounds of strife and endeavor rise faintly to your ears, and are drowned in the upper air. So in the altitude and comprehensiveness of faith, all this that seemed so huge and startling dwindles to a little stream in the great ocean of existence, and all these tumults are swallowed up in the currents of silent but beneficent design. But, in the mean time, the daylight has gone, the night-shadow has fallen, this stream of human life has ebbed away, and all these sounds are still. See, now, how much of your perplexity came from a deceit of eyesight—see how the light of this world blinded you to the immensity and the meaning of existence! See! over your head spreads the great firmament. There are Sirius, and Orion, and the glittering Pleiades. How harmoniously they are related; how calmly they roll! And now, O man! fresh from the reeking dust, and the cry of pained hearts, and the shadows of the grave, do not the scales of unbelief drop from your eyes, when you see the width of God's universe, and feel that his purpose girdles this little planet and steers its freight of souls?

THE TIME TO REPENT.—For sinners to wait God's time to repent is infinitely absurd. God's time is now; you wait, just to miss his time, and provoke him to deny you any more time at all. You are persuaded of your duty now. What more do you ask of God than this? What more can you in reason desire of God than that he should reveal to you your condition, your peril, your way of escape, and the reasons which urge you to flee for help to the Lamb of Calvary? All this he has done; and now, in tones of love and pity, calls on you to give heed to his call. Will you do it? or will you delude yourself with the hope of "a more convenient season?"

Papers Critical, Exegetical, and Philosophical.

JOHN WESLEY AND HIS BIOGRAPHERS.*

BY THE EDITOR.

To write the life of a great and good man—one who was emphatically the man of his age—so as to do justice to his character and work, discriminating in the review of his excellences without being blind to his defects, requires a sagacious mind, and one eminently free from those prejudices insensibly imbibed through educational or sectarian influences. The biographer must not only become conversant with the facts of his history, but must comprehend the philosophy of those facts; he must be able to contemplate calmly and clearly the motives and principles of action. This is of such difficult accomplishment, that, if such a man ever find a fitting biographer, it must be in a succeeding age to that in which he lived. Distance is necessary to present in full relief the true proportions of his character and the magnitude of his work. As seen in his own age, by his coadjutors, he will be—like the object brought into near contact with the eye—too near to have either its beauties or defects fully comprehended, while at the same time it will cover the whole field of vision, shutting out the light of every thing else. To those who, in his own age, contemplate him from an opposition standpoint, the edifice, high though it may appear, will seem unsightly and misshapen.

These thoughts are strikingly illustrated in the attempted biographies of John Wesley. Strange as the assertion may seem, we are nevertheless constrained to make it—the life of John Wesley, the great founder of Methodism, is as yet unwritten. The first account of him published after his death, was by Hampson. It was the fruit of disappointed ambition, and was full of misrepresentations and errors. In fact, it was but little less than a libel upon Mr. Wesley, by one of his former ministers. The second was a large octavo, rushed through the press immediately after the death of Mr. Wesley, and designed to anticipate the work of Whitehead, who had proved unfaithful to his trust, and was applying that to his own private ends which Mr. Wesley designed for the good of the connection. Of this work Dr. Coke was the principal author. It was prepared without access to the authentic and proper materials, and prepared, too, in great haste. It was exceedingly crude, and unsatisfactory. Fortunately for both author and subject, the work has passed altogether from public notice. A few years later the Life of Wesley, by Whitehead, made its appearance. It is the misfortune of this work, that it is branded with much of the odium which justly rested upon its author. Having obtained possession of Mr. Wesley's papers, as one of the executors of his will, he

undertook to prepare the Life, by himself, and for his own interest. A work, so dishonorably inaugurated, might be expected to contain serious defects, which would forever bar it from the patronage of the followers of Wesley every-where.

In 1825 Mr. Henry Moore, then the only surviving trustee, produced a Life of Wesley, in two large octavo volumes, which, for fullness and fidelity, is no doubt the best biography of Wesley extant. Yet the interest of this work is much abated by long and minute details of matters now comparatively unimportant. In fact, the work is but little more than a reproduction of that of Whitehead, with a few modifications, and a few additions of new material. It was probably prompted by the publication of Southey, which appeared a short time before. The work was never received with large favor; and the interest it excited at first has continued to abate till the work is almost obsolete.

The biography prepared by Mr. Watson, six years after the later publication of Mr. Moore, is now the only really authentic "Life of Wesley" in circulation. This work gives a fine outline view of Mr. Wesley's religious history, and of the successive stages of his progress in forming societies, and providing for their spiritual culture. The design of the author, however, was merely the production of a manual, and this he has done with admirable felicity. It was not designed, as he himself says, to supersede a larger and fuller history. The "Life" of Wesley, comprising, as it does, the origin and development of Methodism, and comprehending also—through half the period of its duration—the history of that Church, whose power is felt both in England and in America, and whose missionaries are treading the shores of every clime—can not adequately be presented within such narrow limits.

Without the bounds of the Church two most interesting works on Wesley and Methodism have appeared. We refer to the "Life of Wesley," by Robert Southey, and "Wesley and Methodism," by Isaac Taylor. It can not be denied that it is through these two works the world outside of the peculiar pale of Methodism, obtains its conceptions of the character of Wesley, and its knowledge of our rise and progress as a denomination. It becomes an inquiry of very grave importance to us, then, to ascertain how far these two works correctly record the facts of Methodism, and how far they truly represent its genius and mission.

The "Life of Wesley," by Southey, is unquestionably the most popular of all the biographies of the great reformer extant. We had almost said, that, notwithstanding its misconceptions of the motives and aims of Wesley, and of the genius and mission of Methodism, it was also the most meritorious—most worthy the study of the theologian and scholar. The history is certainly a remarkable production. Says a London reviewer, "So admirable a narrator has seldom furnished himself with so remarkable a history. Many of the peculiar features of his subject were those to attract the curious eyes, and to reward the graphic pencil of this skillful and thoughtful writer. In such hands, all that was external in the rise, and progress, and spread of Methodism, must needs be ably, though it might not be, in all respects, accurately,

* Memoirs, by John Hampson. 1791. 3 vols., 12mo.
Life, by Dr. Coke and Henry Moore. 1792. 1 vol., 8vo.
Life, by John Whitehead, M. D. 2 vols., 8vo. 1805.
Life, by Robert Southey, Esq., LL. D., Poet-Laureate.
Life, by Rev. Henry Moore. 1825. 2 vols., 8vo.
Life, by Richard Watson. 1 vol., 12mo. 1831.
Wesley and Methodism. By Isaac Taylor. 1851.
Wesley and Methodism—a Reply to Isaac Taylor. By Rev. R. M. Macbriar, A. M. 1852.
Wesley the Worthy. By T. C. Dobbin, LL. D., with an Introduction by Rev. Wm. Arthur, A. M.

depicted; and many of the psychological phenomena presented at this period, by the confluence of supernatural power with the sullen tide of human depravity, were known to have a special charm for this student and lover of his species. In this last particular lay both the fascination and the difficulty of our author's task." Yes, precisely here was our author's difficulty. The higher elements of spiritual life in the soul, he could not comprehend; and, therefore, was led to attempt their solution in the light of a simply human and defective psychology.

In the production of this work, however, Southey rose above a thousand prejudices that, as a Churchman and a scholar, he must have previously felt toward his subject. He is evidently impressed with the fact, that in Wesley he finds a man of uncommon excellence and greatness. His respect for him is sincere. But his grand difficulty is, that he comprehends only the *outward* man; the *internal* man is to him a mystery. Hence, while he is in full sympathy with the noble virtues and heroic career of his subject, he fails to comprehend the sublime philosophy of the great movement of which, under God, he was the author. This error is radical and fatal. It is the poisonous henbane growing among the flowers of the garden. It is the discolored spot on the disk of the polished marble. We acquit Southey of all evil intention; he was evidently too sincere a man and too sincere an admirer of Wesley to willingly disparage him. The fact is, the author did all that any man, without Christian experience—using the term in its technical and significant meaning—could do toward a true portrayal of the character and work of Wesley. But lacking this experience, he has sadly failed in the most material facts of his history. Without the conception of this higher element of Christian faith, he applies a worldly philosophy to the solution of the moral and psychological problems which his subject presented. In the living faith of Wesley, he sees only credulity; in his burning zeal, though cool and thoroughly regulated, only enthusiasm; and in the wisdom with which he consolidated and built up organic Methodism, he discerns only a boundless love of power. Yet, with strange inconsistency, he vindicates the moral purity, as well as the unselfish wisdom of his subject.

Watson, in his *Observations*, thoroughly exposes the fallacies of the biographer; but we can not coincide with him in ranking Southey among the enemies of Methodism. His "*Life of Wesley*" is not the work of an enemy. The force of Mr. Watson's objections, it is said, were felt and acknowledged by Southey. Indeed, it is well known that he subsequently very much modified his views in relation to Mr. Wesley being actuated by ambitious motives; and also that he made considerable progress in preparing an amended edition of the work. If we are not mistaken, such an edition was already advertised when the author's illness prevented its completion. The son, a bigoted Churchman, on whom the publication devolved, suppressed the intended modifications, and this noble monument of his father's genius and talent is condemned to be marred by its blemishes forever.

This is the more to be regretted, because this is the work in which the literary and philosophic world have, to a great extent, become acquainted with Wesley and Methodism. But in the best American edition—that edited by Dr. Curry, and published by the Harpers—we have an antidote in the principal part of Mr. Watson's *Observations*—which are inserted as a sort of introduction—in the notes by S. T. Coleridge, and also by the editor, and

especially in the *Remarks on the Life and Character of John Wesley*, by Alexander Knox, Esq., which are appended to the work. This last article was called forth by the request of Southey himself, and is not only a noble tribute to the character of Wesley, but also a vindication of it from the suspicions with which the errors of Southey had shaded it.

Southey's "*Life of Wesley*," when first issued by the press, was sought after and read with avidity by classes widely different in their character. The friends of the apostolic hero everywhere were anxious to learn what so celebrated an author would say about the champion of Methodism. The friends and admirers of the author were all *qui vive* on the same subject, but for a different reason. Among literary men generally it awakened the inquiry, "Who is this Wesley, and what is this Methodism about which Southey has been writing?" The effect of the book upon the minds of literary men, is strikingly illustrated in the case of S. T. Coleridge. Upon the blank page of his copy he left a note, from which the following is an extract: "It will not be uninteresting to him [Southey] to know that the one or the other volume was the book more often in my hands than any other in my ragged book regiment; and that to this work, and to the *Life of R. Baxter*, I was used to resort whenever sickness and languor made me feel the want of an old friend, of whose company I never could be tired. How many and many an hour of self-oblivion do I owe to this *Life of Wesley*; and how often have I argued with it, questioned, remonstrated, been peevish, and asked pardon—then again listened, and cried, Bright! Excellent!—and yet in heavier hours entreated it, as it were, to continue talking to me—for that I heard and listened, and was soothed, though I could make no reply!"

It is yet a "live book," sustaining its place in the world of literature, without restraint or impediment. Its serious manner and tolerant spirit win upon the heart of the reader; its tasteful diction charms him; its curious and sprightly philosophical speculations give keenness to the edge of his intellectual appetite; its anecdotal illustrations, so gracefully presented, continually enliven the thread of the narration; and its sympathy with its subject is so deep and true that you almost insensibly give to both author and subject unrestrained access to the heart. We can most heartily indorse the sentiment of a cotemporary, that this work contributed largely to invest what had been regarded by many as a vulgar theme, with classic graces, and to rescue the servants of the Gospel from the sneers and slanders of bigotry and fashion. "It revealed a world of interest in the lives and deeds of poor, despised, itinerant preachers; and in their leader discovered a hero, who put aside the learning, that he might emulate the labors of a Paul."

But—we regret to say it—with all its beauties and graces, with all its noble traits and eloquent passages, the work of Southey can never be received as the true exposition of the life and labors of Wesley, nor yet as the true exposition of the genius and mission of Methodism. In fact, it is to Methodism what transcendental rationalism is to the pure Gospel of the Savior. It clouds its heavenly radiance; neglects its sublime mysteries; and brings down the high elements of its spiritual faith to the measurement of an irrational philosophy. All its apparent yearnings after truth; all its apparent sympathy with its subject, can not relieve the difficulty or remove the objection. The sugar coating of the poisonous pill is no safeguard against the deadly virus within;

but it may lull suspicion, it may prevent that disgust which would lead to its rejection, and thus diminish the chances of detection, and contribute to the actual danger of the deadly poison. Without this caveat, we should not be true to our faith, to Methodism, nor to God.

Isaac Taylor is a profound and original thinker. His works on the "Physical Theory of Another Life," on the "Natural History of Enthusiasm," and on "Loyola and Jesuitism," made a profound impression upon the literary and philosophical world. His strong powers, in their full maturity, he brought to bear upon "Wesley and Methodism." His is not so much an effort to write the actual history of Methodism as to develop its philosophy. With him facts are only fulcra on which theories are to be planted; or rather they are pivots on which theories are to vibrate. He contemplates Methodism from a different stand-point from Southey. The latter was a Churchman; the former is an independent. Isaac Taylor had evidently a clearer conception of the spiritual element of Methodism, and a higher appreciation of it. There is also a broad catholicity of view in this work which will commend it to the pure and noble-minded.

Mr. Taylor's high appreciation of the mission of Methodism, and of the character of its early active agents, may be gathered from the following passage:

"It would not be easy, or not possible, to name any company of Christian preachers, from the apostolic age downward to our own times, whose proclamation of the Gospel has been in a larger proportion of instances effective, or which has been carried over so large a surface, with so much power, or with so uniform a result. No such harvest of souls is recorded to have been gathered by any body of cotemporary men, since the first century. An attempt to compute the converts to Methodist Christianity would be a fruitless, as well as presumptuous undertaking, from which we draw back; but we must not call in question, what is so variously and fully attested, that an unimpeachable Christian profession was the fruit of the Methodist preaching in instances that must be computed by hundreds of thousands throughout Great Britain and in America.

"Till the contrary can be clearly proved, it may be affirmed that no company of men of whose labors and doctrine we have any sufficient notice, has gone forth with a creed more distinctly orthodox, or more exempt from admixture of the doctrinal feculence of an earlier time. None have stood forward more free than these were from petty sollicitudes concerning matters of observance, to which, whether they were to be upheld or to be denounced, an exaggerated importance was attributed. None have confined themselves more closely to those principal subjects which bear directly upon the relationship of man to God—as immortal, accountable, guilty, and redeemed."

We have already intimated that this work is rather a philosophical disquisition upon Wesley and Methodism, than a history of either. And here we must say, that Mr. Taylor's estimate of the character of Methodism, generally, is far more satisfactory than his estimate of Mr. Wesley individually. Not that he impugns the motives or high religious character and zeal of Mr. Wesley; but his general ability as a thinker and actor. Indeed, his depreciation of Mr. Wesley is in such wide contrast with the representation of Mr. Southey, and so contradictory to all that is revealed of the character of Wesley in his actual labors, the plans he developed, and the

writings he produced, that one can not but be filled with wonder and amazement. His intellectual powers are greatly underrated. Hear him: "Wesley's instinct of belief, which was a prominent characteristic of his mind, met no counteractive force in its structure, which was not at all of the philosophic cast. He *reasoned* more than he thought."

Speaking of the champions of Methodism, he says: "Let it be confessed that this company does not include one mind of that amplitude and grandeur, the contemplation of which, as a natural object—a sample of humanity—excites a pleasurable awe, and swells the bosom with a vague ambition, or with a noble emulation. Not one of the founders of Methodism can claim to stand on any such high level; nor was one of them gifted with the philosophic faculty—the abstractive and analytic power. More than one was a shrewd and exact logician, but none a master of the higher reason. Not one was erudite in more than an ordinary degree; not one was an accomplished scholar."

The author does, indeed, finally acknowledge that, while several of this company "were fairly learned, few were illiterate, and none showed themselves to be imbued with the fanaticism of ignorance."

Mr. Taylor is equally severe upon the theology of Mr. Wesley, which he represents as crude, illogical, and untenable. In fact, he leaves but little to him except that which pertains to his goodness, the purity of his motives, the simplicity of his purposes, and the irrepressible constancy of his zeal. But if these were all—if Mr. Wesley was not *great* as well as *good*, how came it about that he occupied the chief post in a movement of such transcendent magnitude, and among men of confessedly great capacity and indomitable energy? The thing is preposterous. Even the logic of Isaac Taylor can not reconcile the contradictory views with which his work abounds.

Our space will not permit us to follow the speculations of Mr. Taylor further. His work will prove eminently suggestive to the student in his philosophy of Methodism, and no one who would study profoundly, and understand thoroughly that philosophy, should turn away from it. Notwithstanding its depreciation of Mr. Wesley, of Methodist theology, and of the future mission of Methodism, it contains many just and wholesome criticisms which it will do us good to learn. The work of Mr. Taylor can never become the rival of Southey's. It lacks the historical basis, the classical diction, and the sprightliness of illustration; while at the same time his misapprehension of the *intellectual* character of the great founder of Methodism is as striking, and offensive as Southey's is of his *spiritual*; and at the same time it is far less excusable.

The conclusion to which we are brought is that the Life of Wesley is as yet unwritten. The lapse of a century now stretches its long interval between the present and that period when his clear and powerful voice resounded over Kensington Common, and Moorfields, and through the groves of Kingswood; and when his divine eloquence moved the congregated thousands with a power more than human. It was not unlike the Spirit of God moving upon the chaos of primeval creation, reducing its wild and discordant elements to order, harmony, and beauty; and developing a system at once possessed of unity, strength, and beneficence. The actors in that opening drama have already passed away, and are alike insensible to earthly censure or praise. The enterprise in which they acted so prominent a part, has now

reached the full development of its character; its influence is every-where felt, and its results every-where seen. The heat of partisan strife and sectarian jealousy has in a great measure died away; and men are now prepared to do justice to the character and to the labors of those who sacrificed ease, and periled even life for the accomplishment of a reform of vital importance to the Christian world. Especially is this true of the prime instrument, under God, in this reformation; and who, in the fervency and disinterestedness of his zeal, the abundance and magnificent results of his labors, the wisdom of his counsel, and the benevolence of his whole character, has probably not been surpassed, if equaled, since the days of the apostles.

The results of the labors of this man of God and his coadjutors are not comprised in the statistics of Methodism; they are not to be weighed by the millions already brought home to God through its agency, nor by the hundreds of thousands enjoying the benefits of its communion. The reformation was so near the heart of Christianity itself, that every vein and artery of the whole Christian Church felt its impulse; so that it may be difficult to determine whether the great good of Methodism lies more in its organization than in the general impulse it has given to genuine evangelism; yet it is not doubted that its organization was necessary in order to perpetuate that impulse. The essential doctrines of Christianity, revived by Methodism, even where they are not adopted *pro forma*, are regarded with increasing favor, and exert a corresponding influence. The elements of

Methodism are simple as the elements of the Gospel itself; its organism is compact, durable, and efficient; its appliances are numerous and varied; the theater of its toils and triumphs is the world; and, may we not hope, its active exertions for the good of man, in its highest and best sense, and for the glory of God, will terminate only with the judgment scene and the consummation of all things.

From this post of observation let us survey the past. We are not too near to be free and independent in our observation; nor are we too far to obtain clear and distinct views. Were Wesley an aspirant for earthly fame, and his success yet doubtful, those who would exalt him might pause to inquire whether it were not necessary to conceal any defect discovered in his character, while every excellence should be placed in the strongest light and at the most favorable point of view. But none of these considerations need affect us now. The earthly fame of Wesley no pen can sully, and even the exhibition of his infirmities will only the more highly exalt his character, as they will more distinctly show that, notwithstanding the summit he reached, he struggled against the common imperfections of our nature. His name is so surely canonized among the great and the good of the earth, that there is no longer need of the panegyrics of friends nor fear of the detraction of foes. He who could now hold up "the mirror true to life" in the delineation of his history, and the portrayal of his character, would confer lasting benefit upon the religion of Christ, and deserve well of the Church and of the world.

Items, Literary, Scientific, and Religious.

HEALTH STATISTICS.—The population of the United States, in 1850, was about twenty-three millions, and the number of deaths for the same year was 323,023, making a daily average of 885. The following table exhibits the ages and sexes of those who died:

Ages.	Males.	Females.
Under 1 year.....	29,569	24,696
1 and under 5.....	36,549	32,364
5 and under 10.....	11,549	10,172
10 and under 20.....	13,700	14,485
20 and under 30.....	48,773	41,734
30 and under 40.....	26,511	20,840
40 and under 50.....	5,152	5,020
50 and over.....	173	190
Total.....	172,800	150,178

The diseases of which these persons died, according to tables in the United States census, were of two classes, zymotic and sporadic. Nearly forty-five per cent. of the deaths belong under the head of zymotic diseases, which include cholera, dysentery, and the fever generally. There died of cholera, 31,505; of croup, 10,706; of dysentery, 20,556; of fever, 18,108; of typhoid fever, 13,099. Of the other classes, 54,800 died of diseases of the respiratory organs, 23,787 of the brain and nervous system, and over 15,000 from diseases of the digestive organs. The deaths in the different seasons of 1850 were as follows:

Spring.....	75,588	23.30 per cent.
Summer.....	80,283	27.64 "
Autumn.....	66,790	29.96 "
Winter.....	66,283	17.41 "

From tables compiled in England, in 1847, it appears that the ratio in the several countries mentioned, being

an average for four years, except in Russia, which was for 1842, was, in

	Population.	An. Mortality per cent.	Living to Deaths.
England.....	15,927,867	2.207	45
France.....	34,230,178	2.397	42
Prussia.....	14,928,501	2.658	38
Austria.....	21,571,594	2.995	33
Russia.....	49,525,420	3.500	28
Add U. States.....	23,191,876	1.035	72

REV. DR. D. P. KIDDER has been elected, we are pleased to see, to the professorship of Systematic Theology in the Garrett Biblical Institute. Dr. Kidder has served the Church twelve years as Sunday School editor and Secretary. His diligence and success in developing that most important department of our Church operations is worthy of all praise. In his "farewell" he says: "A retrospect of the past twelve years brings many pleasant associations to our mind. During that period we have made one hundred and eighty-eight public Sunday school addresses, preached seven hundred and forty-three sermons, and traveled many thousands of miles, besides editing twelve volumes of the Sunday School Advocate, and more than one thousand different publications, of which about eight hundred are bound volumes now in current use in our Sunday schools."

REV. HENRY BANNISTER, D. D., of Cazenovia, New York, is also elected to a professorship in the same institution. His department is that of Biblical Exegesis, etc. Dr. Bannister, as did also Dr. Kidder, graduated from the Wesleyan University in 1836. He subsequently pursued a theological course of study at Auburn, and for the past twelve or more years has been the successful principal of

the Oneida Conference Seminary, one of our oldest and most successful literary institutions. Both of the above brethren, we understand, enter at once upon their duties.

REV. DR. MCCLINTOCK was also elected to the professorship of Oriental Literature in the Garrett Biblical Institute. We have no definite knowledge of his acceptance or otherwise. We are glad to see this promising institution so ably manned.

REV. R. S. FOSTER, D. D., does not enter upon his duties as President of the North-Western University before May next. In the mean time he will continue to fill the pastorate of Trinity Church in the city of New York.

LAMARTINE'S COURSE OF FAMILIAR LITERATURE.—The celebrated French scholar and patriot has experienced great reverses of fortune, and is now manfully struggling against an oppressive burden of debt. His condition has wrung from him the confession of his necessities, and enlisted in sympathy and effort for him some of the leading literary men of our country, such as Irving, Bryant, Bancroft, Longfellow, etc. Under their auspices his "Familiar Course of Literature" will be issued in America. It will be issued in monthly numbers of eighty pages octavo—making annually two fine volumes of five hundred pages each. Few men of our country combine more claims to distinction than Lamartine. We trust that the poet, historian, orator, statesman, and patriot will find broad and substantial sympathy with Americans.

MANUFACTURING ICE.—Such a manufactory has been in operation in Cleveland during the past season. It is said that ice can be produced by artificial means at an expense of not over half a cent per pound. Either is driven by means of a steam-engine and condensers from a large retort, between a double range of iron plates, through which the water is pumped. The action of the ether converts the water into ice.

BANKS IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK.—One unaccustomed to such high figures, is rather *stunned* than enlightened by the banking statistics of New York city. From these statistics we learn that there are no less than fifty-five banks, with an aggregate capital of over forty-eight millions of dollars. Of these banks one has a capital of \$7,000,000, another of \$3,000,000, six of \$2,000,000, and fourteen of \$1,000,000 and upward. The average amount of loans and discounts is \$103,087,525; of specie in vaults, \$17,069,657; of circulation, \$8,250,289; and of deposits, \$93,239,243.

METHODIST DOCTORATES.—The degree of D. D. was conferred the current year on the following persons, ministers in connection with the Methodist Episcopal Church: William Hunter, professor in Alleghany College, by the Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware.

James Porter, assistant New York Book Agent, by McKendree College, Lebanon, Ill.

William L. Harris, professor in the Ohio Wesleyan University, by Alleghany College, Meadville, Penn.

James V. Watson, editor of the North-Western Advocate, Chicago, Ill., by Indiana Asbury University, Greencastle, Ia.

John W. Weakley, of the Springfield (Ohio) High School, by the Miami University, Oxford, Ohio.

William Arthur, one of the Secretaries of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, London, J. T. Crane, of the Pennington (N. J.) Seminary, and W. B. Edwards, of the Baltimore conference, by Dickinson College, Carlisle, Penn.

S. M. Vail, of the Concord Biblical Institute, and R.

Knight, Wesleyan minister of St. Johns, New Brunswick, by Genesee College, Lima, N. Y.

RESPIRATORY SURFACE IN HUMAN LUNGS.—The number of air cells in the human lungs amounts to no less than six hundred millions. According to Dr. Hales, the diameter of each of these may be reckoned at the one hundredth of an inch; while according to the more recent researches of Professor Weber, the diameters vary between the seventieth and the two hundredth of an inch. Now, estimating the internal surface of a single cell as about equal to that of a hollow globule of equal internal diameter, then, by adopting the measurement of Hales, we find that six hundred millions such cells would possess collectively a surface of no less than one hundred and forty-five square yards; but by basing our calculations on the opinions of Weber—opinions, remember, which the scientific world receives as facts—we arrive at the still more astounding conclusion, that the human lungs possess upward of one hundred and sixty-six square yards of respiratory surface, every single point of which is in constant and immediate contact with the atmosphere inspired. It will be useful, then, to imprint on the memory, that whether we breathe pure or putrid air, the air inspired is ever in immediate contact with an extent of vital surface ample enough for the erection of two or three large houses.

PECULIARITIES OF THE GREEK CHURCH.—In the Greek Church it is customary to mingle hot water with the sacramental wine, in order to imitate the natural temperature of blood. There are also five kinds of communion bread used—in the form of two circles, placed one upon the other, and made by the widow of a priest or deacon. These five kinds are: the bread of Jesus Christ, that of the Virgin, that of the saints, the bread of the living, and the bread of the dead. The bread of Jesus Christ is cut through; they take a triangular piece from the upper portion, and from the bread of the living they cut besides as many bits as there are members of the imperial family. All these pieces are put into the vase of the sacred wine. The bread of Jesus Christ is given in small bits to the communicants; the other kinds are given exclusively to the privileged classes.

NUMBER OF AMERICAN BOOKS.—In 1852 the number of American publications, original and reprinted, was 966 original, and 322 reprints; total, 1,288. These publications proceeded from 191 different publishers, of whom New York furnished 74, Philadelphia 26, and Boston 27. Aside from books and magazines there are the newspapers of the Union. According to the census of 1850 we find that there are 2,526 published in the United States, comprising a circulation of upward of 5,000,000 of copies. In 1853 there were 424 papers issued in the New England states, 876 in the middle states, 716 in the southern states, and 784 in the western states. There is one publication for every 7,161 free inhabitants in the states and territories. New York city publishes sixty-four papers and periodicals, giving employment to over two thousand persons, many of whom are females.

The type-founders and the stereotype-workers amount in the United States to 311; the most extensive founderies belong in New York city. Then there are the book-binders, amounting to over 5,000. Presses are manufactured principally in New York city, and employ many machinists.

NEWSPAPERS, ETC.—The number of newspapers and periodicals published in the United States in 1855 was 4,017.

Literary Notices.

NEW BOOKS.

WE have recently read the so-called poems of Tennyson—the authorized edition, by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields. We have read "In Memoriam." We have read "Maud." We always wondered at the reputation of Tennyson as a poet—especially as "poet-laureate," etc. Our wonder is increased. There is something of rhythm, a jingle of sounds, and now and then a fine thought, dimly shadowed forth, it is true; but more frequently there is a paucity, sometimes an absolute baseness of thought. There is also a woeful lack of perspicuity as well as of affluence in his expression.

CYRENAICA AND HOWSON'S LIFE AND EPISTLES OF ST. PAUL has been issued in two large octavo volumes, by Charles Scribner, of New York. We are glad to see such a work reproduced. Since its publication it has not only passed triumphantly through the ordeal of criticism, but has commanded the admiration of scholars and intelligent readers every-where. We have examined it with care, and find it rich in all that pertains to this most interesting period in the history of the Church, and especially to the most interesting human character that appeared in this early period. On sale by Swormstedt & Poe.

WESTERN AFRICA: its History, Condition, and Prospects, by Rev. J. Leighton Wilson, eighteen years a missionary in Africa, and now one of the Secretaries of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, is the title of a duodecimo volume of 527 pages, in which is furnished an account of the geography of western Africa, and the Portuguese discoveries there; a description of Senegambia, Guinea, the Sierra Leone Grain, Ivory, and Gold coasts, Ashanti, Southern Guinea, Loango, Angola, Liberia, etc. The closing chapters are devoted to a consideration of the slave-trade, the languages of Africa, Christian missions in western Africa, and of the agency devolving on white men in connection with the missions there. The style of Mr. Wilson is vivacious; his chapters embody many interesting facts about the manners and customs of the people, making his narrative, as a whole, well worthy of a reading. New York: Harpers. Cincinnati: Derby & Co.

On the 26th of January, 1785, a courier, dispatched by the Russian envoy at Hamburg, presented M. Zimmerman with a small casket, in the name of her Majesty, the Empress of Russia. The casket contained a ring set round with diamonds of an extraordinary size and luster; and a gold medal bearing on one side the portrait of the Empress, and on the other the date of the happy reformation of the Russian empire. This present the Empress accompanied with a letter, written with her own hand, containing these remarkable words: "To M. Zimmerman, counselor of state, and physician to his Britannic Majesty, to thank him for the excellent precepts he has given to mankind in his treatise upon solitude." A very fine edition of this splendid work has just been published by Cropper & Brown, Cincinnati—12mo., 360 pages. To it is prefixed a life of Zimmerman.

A CYCLOPEDIA OF MISSIONS: containing a comprehensive view of missionary operations throughout the world, with geographical descriptions, and accounts of the social, moral, and

religious condition of the people. By Rev. Harvey Newcomb. New York: Charles Scribner.—On sale by Swormstedt & Poe. The missionary statistics and historical information embraced in this octavo volume of 792 pages, are accurate and reliable. To a minister's library, to every Sabbath school library, and, in fact, to any library which wishes fullness of reference books, the work will be a most valuable accession.

MISSIONS NEEDFUL TO THE HIGHER BLESSEDNESS OF THE CHURCHES, is the title of an elegant discourse from the pen of Rev. W. R. Williams, D. D. It is published by Carter & Brothers, New York, and for sale by Moore, Wilstach & Keys, Cincinnati.

THE STANDARD SPELLER: containing exercises for oral spelling, also sentences for silent spelling by writing from dictation. By Epes Sargent. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. Cincinnati: H. W. Derby & Co.—In this work the representative words and the anomalous words of the English language are so classified as to indicate their pronunciation, and to be fixed in the memory by association.

HINTS ON MISSIONS TO INDIA: with notices of some proceedings of a deputation from the American Board, and of reports to it from the missions. By Miron Winslow, Missionary at Madras. New York: M. W. Dodd. Cincinnati: Moore, Wilstach, Keys & Co.—A work full of the most valuable suggestions for the best plans of operation in regard to reaching and saving the heathen alike in foreign and domestic lands.

MEMOIR OF FRANCES E. H. M'LELLAN, with a selection from her letters. By her cousin, R. M. Haskell. New York: M. W. Dodd. Cincinnati: Moore, Wilstach, Keys & Co. 18mo. Pp. 182.—On page twelve, giving an account of some incidents of Miss Fanny's babyhood, we observe this incident: "At the age of two years she was observed to be amusing herself for a longer time than usual in arranging a number of empty spools, from which silk and cotton had been used; some were black, some were dark red, and some white. She had arranged them in a long row, two by two; and what seemed a little remarkable, the black first, then the red, and lastly the white. Her mother said to her, 'Fanny, what are you doing?' 'Funeral, mamma, funeral,' replied the little one, as she looked up for a smile of approval from her loving parent. Upon reflection, it was remembered that a funeral train had passed a day two previous, and that Fanny was standing in a chair by the window—she had heard her attendant say it was a funeral."

We have received the following list of Sunday school publications, recently added to the catalogue of the Union, by Carlton & Porter:

1. MEMORIALS OF MARGARET ELIZABETH, only daughter of Rev. Albert Des Brisay. The work consists of a biographical sketch and selections—poetry and prose—from her writings. It is a good book.

2. SOCIAL PROGRESS; or, Business and Pleasure. 18mo. 269 pages.

3. THE DELMONT FAMILY; or, Conversations on Practical Subjects.

4. THE LIFE OF BISHOP ROBERTS. By Benjamin St. James Fry. This is the fourth in the very interesting

series of the lives of the bishops, designed for Sunday schools.

5. *FIELDS AND WOODLANDS; or, Plaquemine and Green Bank.* By the author of "Little Ella," etc.

6. *LIFE OF ROBERT MORRISON—the first Protestant missionary to China.* By Wm. A. Alcott, M. D.

7. *ADDIE OAKLAND; or, Charity the True Road to Happiness.*

8. *SKETCHES OF MY SCHOOL-MATES.*

9. *INFANT SCHOOL LESSON-BOOK.* By Mrs. Mary E. James.

10. *RALPH AND ROBIE: a Tale of Early Piety.* By the author of "Roland Rand," "Herbert Family," etc.

17. *FOOD FOR LAMBS; or, a guide to infant teachers and parents in the religious instruction of young children.* By Mrs. L. A. Holdich.

12. *QUESTIONS ON THE BOOK OF PROVERBS, on an entirely new plan.* By Rev. George Coles.

13. *CONSECUTIVE QUESTIONS ON THE GOSPEL OF MATTHEW.*

14. *CONSECUTIVE QUESTIONS ON THE GOSPEL OF MARK.*

15. *CONSECUTIVE QUESTIONS ON THE GOSPEL OF LUKE.*

16. *CONSECUTIVE QUESTIONS ON THE GOSPEL OF JOHN.*

These Question-Books have been prepared under the special supervision of Rev. D. P. Kidder, and are a valuable addition to our Sunday school facilities. These, we suppose, are the last prints of Dr. Kidder's official relation to the Sunday School Union. The Church will ever approve him as a good and faithful servant in that important department of her interest.

We are glad that he has been succeeded by one so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of his work, and one so eminently adapted to it.

PERIODICALS AND PAMPHLETS.

THE METHODIST QUARTERLY REVIEW, for July, appears with the imprint of the new editor, Dr. Whedon. The articles are,

1. Julius Charles Hare—second paper.

2. The Chinese Language spoken at Fuh Chan, by Rev. M. C. White, M. D.

3. Dante.

4. Sydney Smith.

5. Early Methodism in Maryland, especially in Baltimore, by Rev. W. Hamilton.

6. Akers's Biblical Chronology, by James Strong, A. M.

7. Alchemy and the Alchemists.

8. Short Reviews and Notices of Books—fifty in number.

9. Religious and Literary Intelligence.

COLLEGES, A POWER IN CIVILIZATION, TO BE USED FOR CHRIST: a Discourse by R. S. Storrs, D. D., delivered before the Society for the Promotion of Theological Education in the West. New York: N. A. Calkins, 348 Broadway.

SEVENTH ANNUAL ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE, OF PENN.—Students, 35; graduates, 4.

MINUTES OF WESLEYAN METHODIST CHURCH IN CANADA. Toronto: Conference Office.

GAZETTE OF VICTORIA COLLEGE, Cobourg, C. W.—The following are the faculties: 1. Of Arts. Rev. S. S. Nelles, M. A., Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy; William Kingston, M. A., Professor of Mathematics; John Beatty, jr., M. D., Professor of Natural Science; John Wilson, B. A., Professor of Classical Literature; Rev. George C. Whitlock, M. A., Professor of French Language

and Chemistry; John Campbell, Classical Tutor; T. A. Ferguson, Mathematical Tutor; William S. Thompson, Rector of High School; T. B. Hudson, Assistant Teacher. 2. Of Medicine. Hon. John Rolph, M. D., M. R. C. S., Eng., Professor of Anatomy; James Rowell, M. D., Demonstrator of Anatomy; Henry H. Wright, M. D., Professor of the Principles and Practice of Medicine; Michael Barrett, A. M., M. D., Professor of Chemistry and Physiology; Hon. John Rolph, M. D., M. R. C. S., Eng., Professor of Surgery; Uzziel Ogden, M. D., Professor of Materia Medica and of Midwifery and Diseases of Women and Children; Hon. John Rolph, M. D., Dean of the Faculty. Medical students, 70; general students, 231: total, 301.

BALDWIN UNIVERSITY, Berea, O.—First Annual Catalogue.—Faculty: Rev. John Wheeler, A. M., President, Professor of Mental and Moral Science; Jeremiah Tingley, A. M., Professor of Natural Science; Rev. William H. Barnes, A. B., Professor of Latin and Greek Languages; Gaylord H. Hartupce, A. B., Professor of Mathematics; Miss Rosanna Baldwin, A. B., Preceptress; Miss Eugenia A. Morrison, Teacher of Music on Piano-Forte; Miss Sarah P. Adams, Teacher of Music on Piano, Melodeon, and Guitar; Miss Sarah A. Storer, Teacher of French and Drawing. Whole number of students, 270.

INDIANA ASBURY UNIVERSITY.—Faculty: Rev. Daniel Curry, D. D., President, Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy; Wm. C. Larrabee, LL. D., Professor Emeritus of Oriental Literature; Joseph Tingley, A. M., Professor of Natural Sciences; Charles G. Downey, A. M., Professor of Mathematics; Samuel A. Lattimore, A. M., Professor of the Greek Language and Literature; Rev. E. E. E. Bragdon, A. M., Professor of the Latin Language and Literature; Rev. Bernard H. Nadal, A. M., Professor of Belles-Lettres and History; Rev. Henry B. Hibben, A. M., Adjunct Professor of Languages, and Principal of the Preparatory Department; Hon. A. C. Downey, Professor of Law. Whole number of students, 301.

MOUNT UNION SEMINARY AND NORMAL SCHOOL, Stark county, O.—Sixth Annual Catalogue.—O. N. Hartshorn, A. M., Principal. Students: gentlemen, 255; ladies, 117: total, 372.

WESLEYAN FEMALE INSTITUTE, Staunton, Va.—Rev. John Wilson, A. M., Principal, assisted by five teachers.

IOWA CONFERENCE SEMINARY, Mount Vernon, Iowa.—Third Annual Catalogue.—Rev. S. M. Fellowes, A. M., Principal, assisted by six teachers. Students—gentlemen, 149; ladies, 106: total, 255.

WESLEYAN FEMALE COLLEGE, Wilmington, Delaware.—President, Rev. George Loomis, A. M., assisted by twelve teachers.

MILFORD SEMINARY, Milford, O.—Rev. D. W. Stevens, A. M., Principal, assisted by three teachers. Number of students, 124.

ROCK RIVER SEMINARY, at Mount Morris, Ill.—Rev. W. T. Harlow, A. M., Principal, assisted by eight teachers. Number of students, 278.

VALLEY FEMALE INSTITUTE, Winchester, Va.—Second Annual Catalogue.—Rev. Sydney P. York, A. B., Principal, assisted by six teachers. Number of students, 86.

INDIANA UNIVERSITY, Bloomington, Ia.—Faculty: Rev. William M. Daily, D. D., LL. D., President, and Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy and Belles-Lettres; Daniel Read, LL. D., Professor of Greek and Latin Languages, and Lecturer on Didactics; Rev. Theophilus A.

Wylie, A. M., Professor of Natural Philosophy and Chemistry; Rev. Elisha Ballantine, A. M., Professor of Mathematics and Civil Engineering, and Teacher of Modern Languages; Hon. James Hughes, Professor of Law; James Woodburn, A. M., Adjunct Professor of Languages, and Principal of the Preparatory Department; D. Eckley Hunter, Teacher in the Model School. Whole number of students, 242.

THE OHIO UNIVERSITY, *Athens, O.*—Faculty: Solomon Howard, D. D., President, and Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy and Belles Lettres; James G. Blair, M. D., D. D., Vice-President, and Professor of Mineralogy, Chemistry, and Geology; Rev. John M. Leavitt, A. M., Professor of Latin and Greek Languages; William H.

Young, A. M., Professor of Mathematics; Francis Brown, A. B., Principal of Preparatory Department. Number of students, 165.

SHELBY MALE AND FEMALE ACADEMY, *Shelbyville, Ill.*—Rev. Charles W. Jerome, A. M., Principal, assisted by four teachers. Students—gentlemen, 122; ladies, 100; total, 222.

NORTH-WESTERN FEMALE COLLEGE, at *Evanston, Ill.*—Rev. W. P. Jones, A. M., President, assisted by six teachers. This institution embraces also a "Male and Female Preparatory."

M'NEELY NORMAL SCHOOL, *Hopedale, O.*—John Ogden, Principal, assisted by four teachers. Students—gentlemen, 80; ladies, 34; total, 114.

Notes and Queries.

SPELLING A NAME.—Were the process gone through in spelling words written down in full, it would often provoke a broad grin. At a trial in Lancashire a Mr. Ottiwell Wood was examined as a witness. Upon giving his name, the lawyer said,

"Pray, Mr. Wood, how do you spell your name?" The witness replied:

"O double T
I double U
E double L
Double U
Double O D."

Upon which the astonished lawgiver laid down his pen, saying it was the most extraordinary name he had ever met with in his life; and, after two or three attempts, declared he was unable to record it. The Court was convulsed with laughter.

"MERRY ENGLAND."—A correspondent of an English journal contends that this expression now conveys an idea widely different from its original design—and an idea in fact erroneous. He says:

"It is usually supposed to refer to the gay, joyous character of the English people of the olden time; whereas, it is simply like 'La Belle France,' and such terms indicative of the nature and appearance of the country, not of the character of the people.

Our word *merry* is from an Anglo-Saxon word whose proper meaning seems to be *pleasant, cheerful, agreeable*. Thus in the *Canterbury Tales*, the Personage says:

"I wol yow telle a *mery* tale in prose;

and this tale is a grave 'Treatise on Penitence,' to which *merry*, in its present acceptation, could never be applied. In like manner it is said of Chaunticlere the cock:

"His vois was *merier* than the *mery* orgon,"

which is not *merry* in our sense of the word. But *merry* is also used of places:

"O ferbe yve that groweth in our yerd that *mery* is."

"That made hem in a *cite* for to *tarie*,
That stood full *mery* upon a haven syde."

Lincoln is termed *merry* in the ballad of 'Hugh of Lincoln;' we also meet with *Merry Carlisle* and *Merryland Town*, in which the reference is plainly to the site, etc., of the place, rather than to the character of the inhabitants. *Merry England* is then, we may say, England that abounds in *comforts*, and is pleasant to live in."

ORIGIN OF THE TERM "CODE."—The wooden tables, on which the Greeks wrote their laws, were fastened together at one end; and, as they were large, and but roughly hewn, they had much the appearance of the trunk of a tree cut into planks; they were, therefore, called "codex," which means "stump of a tree, or part of a trunk;" and hence our term "code."

THE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM.—How the city of New York acquired the soubriquet of "Gotham" does not clearly appear. Of the English Gotham the following has been "fished up" by a cotemporary from an old work, "England Illustrated," printed in 1761:

"It is observed that a custom has prevailed among all nations of stigmatizing the inhabitants of some particular spot as remarkable for stupidity. This opprobrious district among the Asiatics was Phrygia; among the Thracians, Abdeva; among the Greeks, Boetia; and in England it is Gotham, a village a little to the south of Nottingham. Of the Gothamites, ironically called the *wise men of Gotham*, many ridiculous fables or traditions are told; particularly that having often heard the cuckoo, but never seen her, they hedged in a bush, whence her note seemed to proceed, that being confined in so small a compass, they might at length satisfy their curiosity. What gave rise to this story is not now remembered; but there is, at a place called 'Court Hill,' in this parish, a bush still called by the name of Cuckoo Bush."

"TO PUT A GLOSS UPON A THING."—By this expression we understand, "to put a favorable construction or interpretation on some doubtful circumstance." It had its origin in a single Greek word, signifying "gloss," which meant to put one written word to explain another. Larger expositions and commentaries were afterward, from the same word, termed "glossaries."

QUERY.—Will yourself, Mr. Editor, or some one of your correspondents, furnish the authorship of the following lines:

"The world goes up, and the world goes down,
And the sunshine follows the rain.
But yesterday's smile, and yesterday's frown,
Can never come over again,
Sweet wife,
Can never come over again."

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.—In Professor Brown's Exposition of the Thirty-Nine Articles is the following,

which, if it be not correct, any one of our critics is at liberty to adjust:

"The second commandment is joined with the first according to the reckoning of the Church of Rome. This is not to be esteemed a Romish novelty. It will be found so united in the Masoretic Bibles; the Masoretic Jews dividing the tenth commandment—according to our reckoning—into two. What the Roman Church deals unfairly in is, that she teaches the commandments popularly only in epitome; and that, so having joined the first and second together, she virtually omits the second, recounting them in her catechisms, etc., thus: 1. Thou shalt have none other gods but Me. 2. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain. 3. Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath day, etc. By this method her children and other less instructed members are often ignorant of the existence in the decalogue of a prohibition against idolatry."

"ANNA" CORRECTED.—*Mr. Editor*,—I noticed in the last number of the Repository a note from "Anna" upon "orthoepeical blunders." She finds fault with her preacher for pronouncing the word "chasten" with the *a* long instead of short, as in fasten. I would respectfully inquire of Anna whether she would pronounce the word hasten also with the *a* short, as in fasten? If not, of course the prefixing the letter *e* can not alter the sound of the letter *a*, and, consequently, her preacher was right and "Anna" is wrong.

HARRIET.

ANOTHER NOTE TO ANNA.—*Mr. Editor*,—Your correspondent Anna, in the August number of the Repository, under the head of "Notes and Queries," criticises her minister's pronunciation of the word "chasten," namely, chase-ten, and gives that which she considers correct, namely, chas-ten—retaining the sound of *t* in the last syllable. By reference to "Webster's Unabridged," and also to Smalley's Phonetic Dictionary, I find the word in question pronounced *chas'n*—dropping of *t* in the first syllable, and that of *e* in the second. The word is from the same root as *chaote*, and one meaning of it is, "to purify from error or faults."

"Anna" also inquires, "Can you, or any one else, tell me why public speakers almost always pronounce the word extraordinary, extra-ordinary? Why do they not call it, as all good orthoepeists do, ex-tror-dinary?"

Answer.—The reason which governs me in the pronunciation objected to by Anna is, that the pronunciation may convey to *ear*, as the orthography does to the *eye*, the precise meaning of the word. The word is compound, and signifies "more than ordinary," and *extra* should, therefore, be distinctly pronounced. Can Anna tell me why good orthoepeists do not pronounce it so when "public speakers almost always" do? Is it because "public speakers" are not the *best* speakers?

FREMONT.

TO LAY AND TO LIE, are words that, in their various ramifications, often puzzle the speaker and writer. We clip the following from "Five Hundred Mistakes" on the subject:

To lay is an active or transitive verb, and must always have an object, expressed or understood. *To lie*—not meaning to tell a falsehood—is a neuter or intransitive, and therefore does not admit of an object. The only real difficulty arises from the fact, that the past tense of "lie," when used without any auxiliary, is the same as the present of "lay." But a little attention will obviate this. Nothing can be more erroneous than to say, "I

shall go and lay down." The question which naturally arises in the mind of the discriminating hearer is, "What are you going to lay down—money, carpets, plans, or what?" for, as a transitive verb is used, an object is wanted to complete the sense. The speaker means, that he himself is going to *lie* down. "My brother *lays* ill of a fever," should be, "My brother *lies*," etc.

VERB ACTIVE. To Lay.		VERB NEUTER. To Lie.	
Present Tense.		Present Tense.	
I lay	money, carpets, plans, any thing.	I lie	down, too long, on a sofa, any where.
Thou layest		Thou liest	
He lays		He lies	
We lay		We lie	
You lay		You lie	
They lay		They lie	

Imperfect Tense.		Imperfect Tense.	
I laid	money, carpets, plans, any thing.	I lay	down, too long, on a sofa, any where.
Thou laidest		Thou layest	
He laid		He lays	
We laid		We lay	
You laid		You lay	
They laid		They lay	

Present Participle, Laying.

Perfect Participle, Laid.

Present Participle, Lying.

Perfect Participle, Lain.

DOUBLE PLURALS.—We have often heard the word "brothers" used when it should have been "brethren." The following suggestions about double plurals are from the same source as the above:

Singular.	First Plural.	Second Plural.
Brother,	{ Brothers (of the same parents.)	{ Brethren (of the same society.)
Die,	{ Dies (for coining.)	{ Dice (for gaming.)
Index,	{ Indexes (tables of contents.)	{ Indices (signs in algebra.)
Pea,	{ Peas (referring to a limited number.)	{ Peas (referring to the whole species.)
Penny,	{ Pennies (coins.)	{ Pence (the value.)
Ow,	{ Ows (a herd of cattle.)	{ Kine (the species.)
Sow,	{ Sows (a litter.)	{ Swine (the species.)
Genius,	{ Geniuses (men of genius.)	{ Genii (imaginary spirits.)

A GENT.—"A *gent* has been here inquiring for you:" a detestable, but very common expression; say, a *gentleman* has been, etc. Oliver Wendell Holmes hits off this liberty with language, in the following happy couplet:

"The things called *pants*, in certain documents,
Were never made for *gentlemen*, but *gents*."

AN ACROSTIC.—The following acrostic purports to have been written in a young lady's album. Where, when, and by whom?

I know not what to write about,
So many themes are pressing;
All good enough, in very truth,
But quite unprepossessing.
Each moment of thy future life
Live holy—whether maid or wife;
And let it be thy constant care,
'Midst earthly joy and sorrow,
By watchfulness and fervent prayer,
Each this day, and to-morrow,
To be prepared, when Christ shall come,
His heaven to make thy final home.

E. H. F.

A QUOTATION TRACED.—The expression, "A modest, decent, well-bred man will not affront me, and no other can," is from Cowper:

"Am I to set my life upon a throw,
Because a bear is rude and surly? No.
A moral, sensible, and well-bred man
Will not affront me, and no other can."

MINOR QUERIES.—*Changing the Bride's Name*.—How and where originated the custom of changing the woman's name at marriage?

A. MOORE.

BACCALAUREATE.—Will you, or some one of your numerous correspondents, give me the etymology and true meaning of the word *baccalaureate*?

B.

Mirror of Apothegm, Wit, Repartee, and Anecdote.

THE SAW AND THE SEA.—A carpenter, who had spent a holiday by the seaside, was asked, on his return, what he saw. He replied, "Why, I saw the sea, and now I see the saw."

CORN IN THE EAR.—A very intelligent Irishman tells the following incident of his first experience in America: I came to this country years ago, and as soon as I arrived, hired myself to a gentleman who farmed a few acres. He showed me over the premises, the stables, cows, and where the corn, hay, oats, etc., were kept, and then sent me in to get my supper. After supper he said to me, "James, you may feed the cow, and give her corn in the ear." I went out and walked about, thinking, "What could he mean? Had I understood him?" I scratched my head, then resolved I would inquire again; so I went into the library where master was writing very busily, and he answered without looking up—"I thought I told you to give the cow some corn in the ear?" I went out more puzzled than ever. What sort of animal must this Yankee cow be? I examined her mouth and ears. The teeth were good, and the ears like those of kine in the old country. Dripping with perspiration, I entered my master's presence once more. "Please, sir, you bid me give the cow some corn in the ear, but didn't you mean in the mouth?" He looked at me for a moment, and then burst into such a convulsion of laughter, that I made for the stables as fast as my feet could take me, thinking I was in the service of a crazy man.

PERIPHRASES; OR, WHAT RHETORIC IS.—Rhetoric is a science which teaches people to express themselves in a manner more elegant and proper than that which it has just been laboring to show the superiority of, because of its clearness, conciseness, and force.

A THIMBLE DEFINED.—A thimble is defined to be a "diminutive, truncated cone, convex on its summit, and semi-perforated with symmetrical indentations."

SOLILOQUY OF AN UNFORTUNATE DEBTOR.—"It must be confessed that my creditors are singularly unfortunate. They invariably apply the day after I have spent all my money. I always say to them: 'Now, this is very provoking. Why didn't you come yesterday, and I could have paid you in full?' But no, they never will. They seem to take a perverse pleasure in arriving always too late. It's my belief they do it on purpose."

AN EPIGRAM.—The following epigram was perpetrated upon the marriage of Mr. Day, a remarkably tall man, to Miss Night, who was rather short:

"This match appears to me but right,
Though long the Day yet short the Night."

READINESS OF JOHNSON.—In speaking of some poems to a friend, Johnson characterized them as ridiculous, and to furnish a parallel, immediately ran off the following burlesque lines:

"Hermit hoar, in solemn cell,
Wearing out life's evening gray,
Strike thy bosom, sage, and tell
What is bliss, and which the way?
Thus I spoke, and speaking sighed,
Scarce repressed the starting tear,
When the hoary sage replied,
'Come, my lad, and drink some beer.'"

JOHNSON OVER A PASSAGE OF LOPEZ DE VEGA.—Johnson thought a passage in Lopez de Vega over-praised. Discussing the question with a friend one day, he warmed up and exclaimed, "It is a mere play of words; you might as well say,

If the man that turnips cries
Cry not when his father dies,
It is a proof that he had rather
Have a turnip than his father."

LYING ON BOTH SIDES.—In a chancery suit, one of the counsel, describing the boundaries of his client's land, said, "We lie on this side, my lord." The opposite counsel, also showing the plan of it, said, "And we lie on this side also, my lord." The chancellor, with a good-humored smile, observed, "So it seems you both *lie*; and now how am I to get at the truth?"

"PROPOSING" IN PERU.—"Proposing," in Peru, is very romantic. The suitor appears on the appointed evening with a gayly-dressed troubadour under the balcony of his beloved; the singer steps before her flower-decked window, and sings her beauties in the name of the lover. He compares her size to that of a palm-tree, her lips to two blushing rose-buds, and her womanly form to that of the dove. With assumed harshness the lady asks the lover: "Who are you, and what do you want?" He answers with ardent confidence: "Thee do I adore; the stars live in the harmony of love, and why should not we, too, love each other?" Then the proud beauty gives herself away; she takes her flower wreath from her hair and throws it down to her lover, promising to be his own forever.

HYPOCRISY.—Peter Pindar was not far from truth when he said of hypocrisy that it was

"To wear long faces just as if our Maker,
The God of goodness, was an undertaker,
Well pleased to wrap the soul's unlucky mien
In sorrow's dismal crape or bombasin."

WIT AND JUDGMENT.—Wit is brushwood, judgment timber: the one gives the greatest flame, the other yields the most durable heat; both meeting make the best fire.

WIT AND GENIUS.—Wit is the god of moments, but genius is the god of ages.

CAT AND DOG LIFE.—James Ferguson and his wife led a cat and dog life, and she is not alluded to once in the philosopher's autobiography. In 1750, while he was one evening delivering, to a London audience, a lecture on astronomy, his wife entered the room in a passion, and maliciously overturned several pieces of the apparatus; when all the notice Ferguson took of the catastrophe was the observation to his audience: "Ladies and gentlemen, I have the misfortune to be married to this woman."

A BLIND MAN WITH A LANTERN.—During a dark night, a blind man was walking in the streets with a lighted candle in his hands, and a pitcher upon his shoulders. "Friend," said a person who met him, "of what use to you is that light? Are not day and night the same to you?" The other laughingly replied, "It is not for myself that I carry the light, but for blockheads like you, to prevent them from running against and breaking my pitcher."

Editor's Table.

THE editor has occupied more than his usual space in this number. He has been exploring two scenes of unusual interest—one of them through the eyes of others, the other with his own. On "Wesley and his Biographers" he has uttered his thoughts freely, and made his criticisms boldly. The subject is not without its significance. That Wesley is mainly, if not almost exclusively, reported to the literary and religious world, outside the pale of Methodism, by writers who have so sadly misapprehended his character and the mission of Methodism, as Southey and Isaac Taylor, is a matter to be thought of by the followers of the great reformer.

Besides the communications of old and well-known contributors, "a new contributor" appears in our columns. The sketch by Mary E. Wilcox evinces power, and gives good promise for the future. Patient, earnest labor and careful elaboration will insure her large success.

The view of the Façade of the Tombs of the Kings, places the spectator in the sunken court. In the long ages of neglect, rubbish has collected and trees have grown in the area; while wasting and crumbling ruins show how vain is the effort of art to give durability even to the monuments of kings. It is a picture calculated to awaken thought, to inspire reflection, rather than to merely charm the fancy. It contains in itself a whole volume of history and a world of instruction upon the most momentous truths.

The old days of Mississippi rafting have been succeeded by those of steamboats and fast traveling. But as the railroads have not yet quite extinguished the old mail-coaches, so the steamboats have not quite extinguished the "rafts." Leisurely and sluggishly they move down the stream, the slothful raftsmen creeping over them with snail-like pace to guide their motions and keep them in the current. To see the slow motion and then think of the immense distance to be achieved, reminds one of the picture representing a hardy laborer, with his hat and coat off, delving with his pick-axe into the base of a granite mountain—the words "little by little" as his motto above him. Yes, little by little are the great achievements of the world made, as well as its great distances traveled. The river raftsmen were once the terror of inhabitants all along the route. For consumption of "bad rum," for an exhaustive vocabulary of terrible oaths, for bloody and brutal fights, and for small and great robberies they attained bad eminence in reputation. They may, even now, be characterized generally as "hard men;" but their characters have somewhat improved with the progress of civilization and under the appliances of religious benevolence for the benefit of seamen on our western waters.

ARTICLES DECLINED.—The following articles in prose we are compelled reluctantly to decline: "What Wait we for?" "The Neglected Wife;" "The Mind;" "Man and his Relations to Eternity;" "Utility the Design of God in Nature and History;" "A Moonlight Reverie;" "Glimpses of Prison Life;" "Fading Leaves;" "A Reminiscence;" "A Ramble in the Field of Human Nature;" "The Desolated House." "The Men we Want" has the right spirit and the right sentiments fearlessly expressed; but its insertion in the Repository is of doubtful pro-

priety. And the following in verse we are compelled to lay aside: "To one Bereaved;" "Thoughts at Evening;" "Love of Fame;" "But One is Left;" "Lord's Prayer;" "Why don't He Come?" "The Wild Rose;" "I Forgive;" "The Midnight Death-Bed;" "The Mother's Grave;" "O may we Love the Bible?" "To C.;" "The Disappointed;" "My Mother;" "The Little Trundle-Bed;" "A Wish;" "Robin's Lullaby;" "Hymn of Life;" "Requiem of an Aged Christian;" "The Rain-Drop;" "Cara's Dream;" "The Soul's Appeal;" "Canticles;" "My Home, How Changed!" "A Voice from the West;" "The origin of the Moss Rose;" "Lines to—;" "Sabbath Morning in June;" "Orphan's Reverie;" "Peaceful are the Gentle Breezes;" "True Friendship."

None of our contributors need be discouraged by the occasional rejection of an article from them. If they do not succeed well on one theme let them try another. Let no one forget that *effort* is necessary to success; not effort to write much but well.

EXCERPTA FROM CORRESPONDENCE.—The following is a beautiful picture of an old man retiring from the effective ranks, after having served God and his generation. "After having gone in and out before the Church for fifty-four years, I am now compelled to retire. I am now in the neighborhood of total blindness. My strength is ebbing out with great rapidity. I shall soon be done with life and its cares. While you are actively and successfully engaged in doing the work of your great Master, I shall be sitting in my lonely cottage, repenting of all my former wrongs, believing in Jesus Christ, and trying to love God with all my heart. How gloomy is the end of human life, unconnected with that which is to come! My highest enjoyment in time, next to religion, will be in going to the house of God. It is not likely you will ever see my face again. I have spent a long life in trying to do good, and I am anxious to do good to the very last hour of my life. My trust is in my Redeemer." Can any thing savor more highly of the morally sublime than the sight of an old veteran of the cross thus calmly and confidently laying aside the holy armor he has worn so long and used so well? It was an expressive saying of Mr. Wesley, "Our people die well."

A mother, bereaved of a gifted and lovely daughter, thus gives vent to her feelings in a private note: "I can not, if I were disposed, express the state of my feelings for the last seven months—bereft of all I had to prize on earth, an only daughter, cut down by the destroyer in the bloom of life, so full of promise for usefulness, so gentle, and kind, and affectionate to me, and beloved by so many. The Repository comes once a month to 'Cottage Home' with her name on it, as it came when flowers bloomed last year, and birds sung; but the sweetest one has flown to sing in a more congenial clime. And as I cut its leaves apart I almost search for a piece of hers, but before I find it my eyes become blinded with tears, and I don't find what I looked for. Daily I find myself searching through our desolate home, I hardly know for what, till the agonizing thought comes upon me, that she whom I would find is *not here*."

A "scandalized" poet thus rectifies a sin of the compositor: "The misreading, by your printer, of a single letter in my manuscript, has made a nerve-rendering *'flare*

of music' in the poem, 'Duty Here and Glory There,' contained in your last number. Please request the shocked reader, in your next issue, to read the third line of the second stanza,

'Clash of steel, and *blare* of music,'

and oblige the scandalized poet."

Reading, a few Sabbaths since, in a homily on the reasonableness of being a Christian, I was struck at the beauty of the following passage near the close, and transcribe it, hoping you will print it, and that your readers will enjoy it as much as I did: "The trees of the Lord are full of sap, and they who are Christians are blossoming forever with the fruits of the Holy Spirit. Religion is good for us living, good for us dying. The soldier, with the cannon beating its roar in his ear, can, if he have God in his heart, sink into death's embrace with the same ease and heavenly rapture as the child sinks on the soft pillow into its nightly slumber. Yes, religion is good for you, my friend—my widowed sister, my orphan boy or girl—good in any place—good for any body. The lightning which shivers the Alps can gather itself into the width of a golden wire, and true religion is an element as subtle and strong—it animates the springs of humble, daily duty, as well as inspires the joyful hope of the martyr bleeding on the rack or burning at the stake. Love—the love that burns in the renovated heart—what is it? an earthly fire, a taper of the world's lighting, a star set in the firmament? No, no.

'A star's a cold thing to the human heart,
And love is better than its radiance.'

The love of Christ in the heart is a flame that nothing earthly can quench. Its radiance spans the Jordan rolling between the pilgrim's feet and the New Jerusalem, and conducts safely to the land where,

'Escaped from death,
We life eternal gain.'

SIDEBORD FOR CHILDREN.—We heartily thank our friends for the exquisite little gems furnished by them for this department. Now they start a tear, and now they wake a smile. This is life; tears and smiles blending. Thank God, there are smiles as well as tears in life, joy as well as sorrow, merry laughter as well as groans of anguish. To strip life of its smiles and its joys would be like despoiling summer of all its flowers. Cold and misanthropic must be the soul that would do either.

A much respected brother from Indiana sends us the following: "One Sunday morning in March, 1847, our Charley, a lovely boy of three years and two months, after a period of some moments of deep study, said, 'Ma, will the angels open the gate as soon as I get there?' 'Why do you ask that?' said his ma. 'Because I'm going to be a little angel,' said Charley. 'You would not leave pa and ma, would you?' said his ma. 'Pa and ma can come too,' was the artless reply; and though then in good health, as the sun set Monday evening he breathed his last. 'Pa and ma can come too,' has been heard a thousand times above the din of life's duties and trials.

"Nine years passed and we laid his sister in the grave in her ninth year. A few days afterward her ma, attended by a bereaved sister, just three years old, was bedecking the grave with flowers. 'Ma,' said Ella, 'who will plant flowers on my grave when I die?' 'I will,' was the reply. After a moment of profound study, as if trying to solve some deep mystery in connection with death, Ella continued, 'But if you die, and pa dies, and

every body dies, will the angels plant flowers on our graves?'"

To a Gallipolis, Ohio, correspondent we acknowledge ourselves indebted for the following: "Recently our 'golden-haired Jimmy,' who is a little past three years of age, had many serious questions to ask his ma in reference to the death and destiny of a little cherub that had just been buried. He finally drew from his mother the remark: 'The little babe has gone to heaven, where all good people go.' 'Well, ma, what do they do in heaven?' 'Why, they sing the song of Moses and the Lamb.' After pausing for a moment in deep study he said, 'Well, ma, do they sing the song of the *sheeps*, too?'"

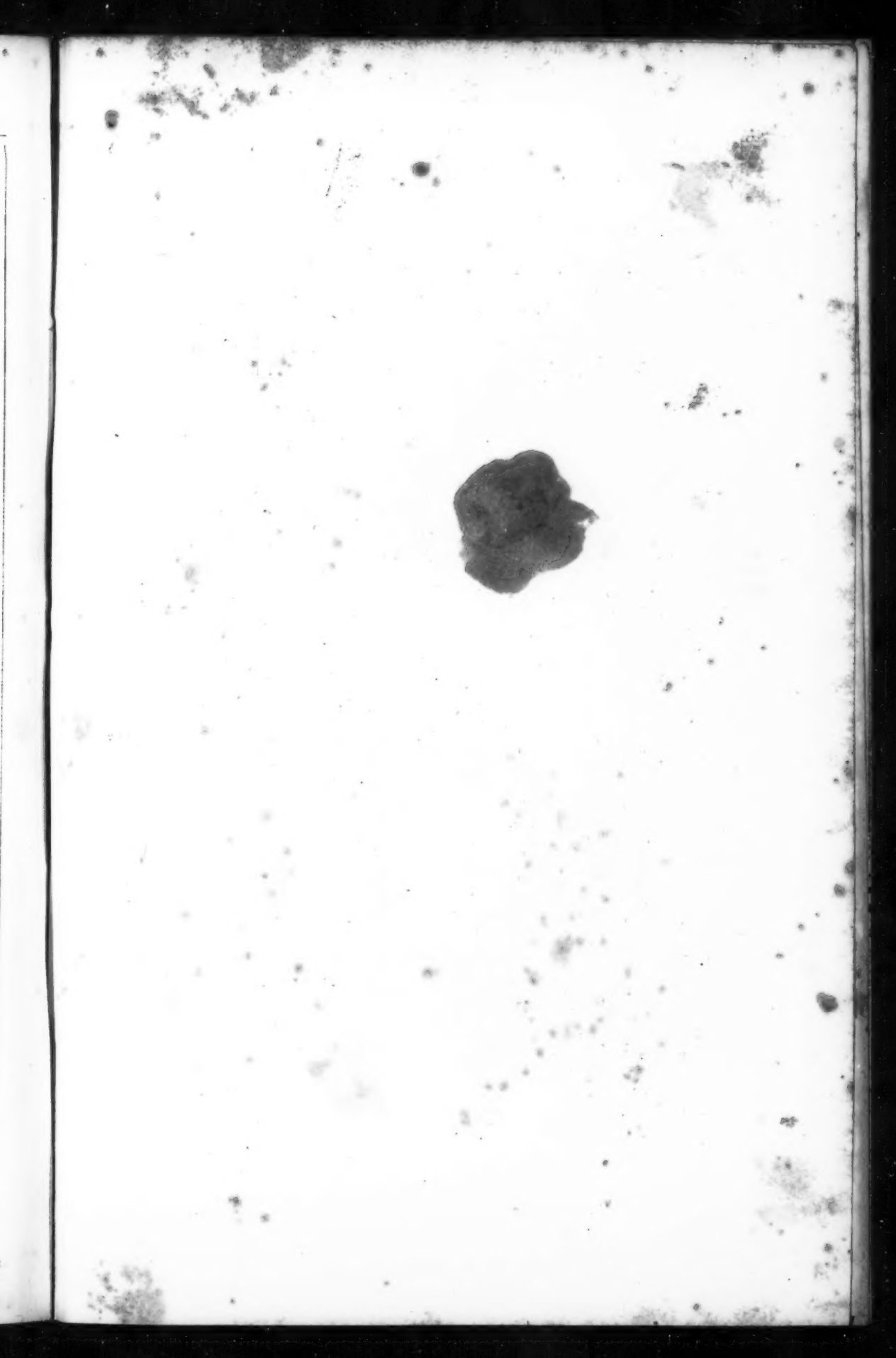
"Another little boy—perhaps five years of age—was left a few days in the care of his grandmother, with special instructions that he should say 'yes, ma'am,' and 'no, ma'am,' to her. But the little boy was very forgetful, and had to be reminded so often by his grandma that he finally got considerably out of patience, and began repeating, 'Yes, ma'am; no, ma'am; yes, ma'am; no, ma'am; yes, ma'am; no, ma'am; yes, ma'am; no, ma'am; yes, ma'am; no, ma'am,' etc. Now, grandma, won't that do you a *long, long* while?" T. S.

Another correspondent says: "Our little boy, three years old, having climbed up into his high chair one day to get something from the shelf, after his mother had forbidden him, he fell and hurt himself. That evening, after having said his prayer, he remained on his knees a moment and then exclaimed, 'O I didn't tell Him how I was been naughty when I was fallen down!' Another time, lying on his back near the door and looking up at the sky, he said, 'The Lord will come down and take us up to heaven and little sissy, too. Get her widd, ma; put on her bonnet and blanket.' One evening, after having repeated the Lord's prayer, he asked, 'How does the Lord *lead* us, ma?' 'By his Spirit.' 'In our hearts?' 'Yes.' 'I'll tell you how; he could have a rope and lead us round to the Church. But it wouldn't go round our hearts, would it?' In this his equestrian tendencies appeared." Yes, it is love and not the *rope* that will go round the hearts of men.

To a friend in Cleveland we are indebted for the following rather practical conception: "A little boy of mine, less than three years old, had heard guns fired by persons killing pigeons. Subsequently, during a thunder storm, his mother asked him what noise that was. 'It's Dod shootin' piggins,' was his reply."

A correspondent from Wisconsin says: "I have often read your 'sayings of the little ones,' and always with interest. I will send you some that have come under my own observation: 'O,' exclaimed a young lady, with a sigh, 'this is a hard world!' A little girl, seated at her knee, looking up in her face, remarked with earnestness, 'God said it was very good when he made it.' Is not this a good hint for complainers?"

"Here is another: While traveling the F—R—circuit we found a little girl of tender years who had lost her baby brother—God had taken him. One day she became thoughtful and inquisitive, and asked ma 'where is little baby?' 'In heaven.' 'Who takes care of baby now?' 'God takes care of baby.' 'Does God take care of all babies when they die?' 'Yes, my dear.' After a moment's pause, in which she seemed puzzled, she said, 'Well, I don't see how God holds so many babies on his lap.'" W. S.





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John Milton at the age of 10

Portrait of John Milton at the age of 10